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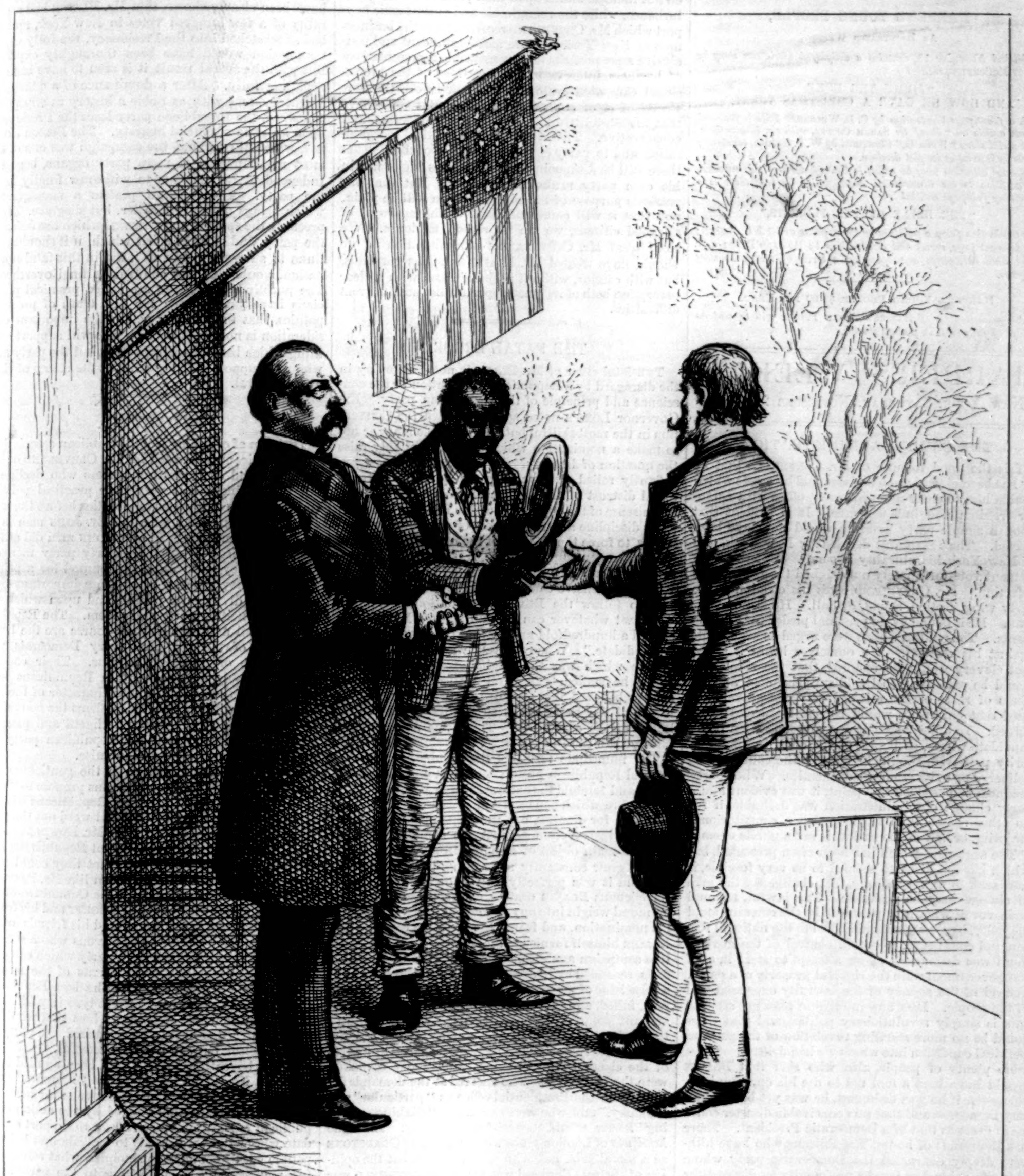

ONE OF THE FIRST-FRUITS OF THE VICTORY.

PRESIDENT-ELECT CLEVELAND. "Shake heartily, boys!"

The Atlanta (Georgia) *Constitution* (Democratic) says: "The negro will find that his best friend is the Southern Democrat. President Cleveland is his friend. The Southern people are his friends. Every right that they have as freemen and citizens will be jealously protected by the white men of the South, who have been their neighbors for years. In their schools, at the ballot-boxes, everywhere, they have their full rights. That man is the best Southerner and the best Democrat who stands by this doctrine and shows the negro that we are his true friends."

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published November 18, contains a delightful Christmas story by ELIOT MCCORMICK, *entitled*

"JIMMY THE DUKE,
AND HOW HE GAVE A CHRISTMAS TREAT,"

with a front-page illustration by C. D. WELDON. *This is followed by an article on "Bees," by* SARAH COOPER, *with six illustrations. The serial story "Wakulla," illustrated by* W. P. SNYDER, *constantly gains in interest as its plot develops.*

Special attention may be called to the art work of this number. In addition to the illustrations accompanied by text, there is a charming full-page entitled

"THE BELLE OF THE FLORISTS,"

a reproduction from a painting by the popular artist J. G. BROWN; *a humorous page, verses and illustrations by* HOWARD PYLE; *and eight small drawings accompanying a series of merry Nursery Rhymes.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

THE COMING ADMINISTRATION.

It is the good fortune of Mr. CLEVELAND that he has been elected upon an issue and by a vote which enable him to enter upon his great office with singular freedom and independence. It is evident that upon a simple party issue he would not have been elected. The result was decided by New York, and in New York his plurality is small. But the independent vote fortunately outweighed the Democratic defection. Mr. CLEVELAND owes his election to no party wing, faction, squad, or hall. He is no man's man. He is bound by no personal pledges or engagements. The wildest whims were urged as arguments against his election. We ourselves heard it stated that slavery would be restored, that the rebel debt would be paid and rebel soldiers pensioned, and all kinds of rebel claims allowed. It was gravely argued that enterprise would be paralyzed and labor ruined. In other words, it was contended that if the candidate whom, as it proves, the constitutional majority preferred, should be elected, the country was delivered up to its remorseless enemies. When party madness had reached this point, it was evident that a party change of administration was desirable, if for no other reason than to prove that a constitutional majority, or half of the nation, is not a public enemy.

The argument which has been often presented, but which has not hitherto seemed to us very forcible, is now seen to be very strong, that change for the sake of change may be desirable. The lawful, rational endeavor of what now proves to be the constitutional majority, by argument and appeal to the national reason and conscience, to obtain control of the government was denounced as an attempt to steal it, as if the government were the rightful property of a party, instead of the agency of the lawfully expressed will of the people. Does any intelligent man not see that this is simply revolutionary politics, and that there could be no more startling revelation of the perilous political condition into which we had drifted? There were plenty of people, also, who said that BLAINE would have been a fool not to use his opportunities, that even if he was dishonest, he was yet better than any Democrat, and that no conceivable disaster could be so great as that of a Democratic President. There are thousands of honest Republicans who have hitherto deeply distrusted the Democratic party whom this campaign has taught profoundly to distrust the management of the Republican party, which attempted to carry an election by outraging the consciences and the common-sense and patriotism of thousands of Republicans. They do not believe that any foreign policy, or commercial policy, or any question of administration, is comparable in importance to honesty and official integrity, and no crime against the principles, the traditions, and the name of the Republican party is so unpardonable as to make it responsible for scornful disregard of public morality and official purity.

The rights of no man, no State, and no section, of no vested interest and of no industry, are threatened by the election of Mr. CLEVELAND. The organ of the colored citizens promptly declared that it feared from him no injustice for the colored race, nor does any man doubt that every law and all lawful power which protects any citizen, white or black, at home or abroad, will be enforced and directed by President CLEVELAND with perfect honesty and impartiality. When a Republican Administration properly withdrew the army from the Southern States, it practically and wisely announced that the internal difficulties of the States were now remitted to their own settlement, and that the relations of the races, beyond the provisions of existing laws, could not be adjusted by the national government. In what way has any Adminstration recently attempted to adjust them? The congratulations of Mr. VANDERBILT and of JAY GOULD do not indicate alarm upon their parts of business disturbance, while the remarkable and enthusiastic support which Mr. CLEVELAND received from the business men of New York was the most significant and conclusive answer of the most responsible representatives of business interests to the assertions of the professional campaign orators. The task before the new President is, of course, prodigious. But we believe that his administration will be wise, moderate, and conservative. That it may lead to political reorganization and to party changes is very probable. That there will be disappointment of various kinds within his own party ranks is inevitable. But that the patriotic purpose of the administration will be plain, and that it will commend itself to the approval of all good citizens, we see no reason to doubt. We shall treat Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration as we should have treated Mr. BLAINE'S, not as partisans, but with candor, without prejudice, and with a clear perception both of its great opportunities and its great difficulties.

THE FATAL ERROR.

THE fatal error of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination lay in the disregard by a Republican Convention of the conscience and principle of the Republican party. Ex-Governor LONG'S noted speech warned the Convention in the most skillful but unmistakable manner not to make a nomination which would inevitably raise the question of honesty. But the BLAINE managers defiantly relied upon mere party spirit, upon traditional distrust of the Democratic party, upon a mistaken sense of the popularity of Mr. BLAINE, and upon party discipline and the support of great moneyed interests, to force the election of the candidate. One of the most urgent supporters of Mr. BLAINE at Chicago, in reply to a friend who represented to him the danger of a defensive campaign of the kind which was sure to follow the BLAINE nomination, exclaimed, "Pshaw! whatever can be said against BLAINE can be said a hundredfold more strongly against any other candidate." When he was warned of the conscience which was the original mainspring of the party, he smiled. They all smiled. The BLAINE leaders believed that Mr. BLAINE was as much the leader of the Republicans as HENRY CLAY was the leader of the old Whigs. There was never greater fatuity than the BLAINE craze.

The immediate result of the nomination was the general Republican protest which at once organized itself, and foretold the extraordinary campaign. The prairie fire which had been announced was not the enthusiasm for BLAINE, but the Republican and Independent insurrection against his candidacy. That was the main object of Republican attack. But the protest grew constantly stronger and more threatening, and it was perfectly well known that the most conspicuous BLAINE orators, except those who carry no moral weight into any movement, bitterly deplored his nomination, and feared the probable result. Mr. BLAINE himself furnished the weapons in the destructive campaign against his election. His desperate efforts, seconded by his orators and newspapers, to raise a false issue of protection, and of wrongs to the colored race, failed, and the fight was forced upon the one paramount point of official integrity. The response to the Independent appeal was worthy of the old Republican party and of the American people. The figures of the election returns show how totally mistaken were the Republicans who sneered at the demands for honesty in the Presidential office as "particular" and "finicky," and who were sure that a "dashing, smashing" leader would "sweep" the country. Like the *habitués* of London clubs who laughed at GLADSTONE as a moral prig, but who were taught what the opinion of the real England was when BEACONSFIELD was overthrown, the airy gentlemen who really supposed that a knot of New York politicians associated with Mr. ELKINS and certain notorious capitalists carried Republican principle literally in their breeches pockets have at last heard from the Republican party.

There were four doubtful States, upon whose votes the election turned; but Mr. BLAINE did not carry one of them. Massachusetts is the original and representative Republican State. In three Presidential elections the average Republican majority has been 56,000; but Mr. BLAINE gets less than half of the votes cast, and except for the diversion of his ally BUTLER, he would have lost the State. Four years ago GARFIELD carried Michigan by 53,000. This year, a week after the election, it was not clear that Mr. BLAINE had carried it at all. Iowa gave GARFIELD a majority of 78,000. Mr. BLAINE may receive a majority of 18,000. Illinois cast 40,000 majority for GARFIELD. It has possibly given Mr. BLAINE 23,000. The GARFIELD majority in Wisconsin was 29,000. The BLAINE majority may be 5000. GARFIELD carried Indiana by 6600. Mr. BLAINE loses Indiana by 7000. In no State, we believe, except Colorado and Maine, is the Republican majority increased, and it would not be surprising if the final result should show a falling off of nearly a half of the GARFIELD majorities. But to this must be added the immense number of Republican votes most reluctantly and protestingly cast for Mr. BLAINE before the significance of the whole situation is perceived. Even if it could have been clearly shown that Mr. BLAINE had a plurality of a few hundred votes in New York, and he had so scratched into the Presidency, the folly of the nomination would have been thoroughly exposed. But with the actual result it is seen to have been an appalling folly. After a dominance of a quarter of a century, and with as noble a history as any party can show, the Republican party loses the Presidency upon an issue of official honesty. The Boston *Journal*, which throughout the campaign was one of the most unscrupulous of mere party organs, begs the Independent Republicans to withdraw finally from the party. The *Journal* prefers a management which brings not only disaster, but disgrace. It is precisely the spirit of the *Journal* which has defeated the party, and it is the spirit which, if it should continue to sway the party, as it did in this fatal nomination, would seal and confirm its final overthrow. The purblind people who are called practical politicians have yet to learn the first truth of practical politics, that in all party action the important consideration is not the party men who will support anything which bears the party stamp, but the party men who will support nothing without the stamp of their own approval.

BOYCOTTING.

THE plan of expelling from Republican associations the Republicans who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. ST. JOHN, and of boycotting traders who decline to sell their principles, is very poor practical politics, and recalls the old pro-slavery tactics before the war. The Republican wrath with the ST. JOHN men is especially contemptible. The ST. JOHN men did at this election precisely what the Liberty party men did in 1844. They stood up to be counted for a principle which they believed to be more important than any which divides the parties, and upon which the position of neither party suits them. The Republicans who rail and rage at their course are the lineal successors of the old pro-slavery Democrats who mobbed the original Republicans. Their conduct shows precisely how far certain Republicans have fallen below the principles and character of the party, and their conduct merely confirms the conviction of a multitude of the most intelligent and patriotic men in the country that the Republican party has survived its moral vigor and impulse.

In this city and Brooklyn if the gentlemen who control the Republican associations propose to "weed out" of the party connection all Republicans who did not vote for Mr. BLAINE, they will weed out the vitality of the Republican party, As Mr. EDWIN PACKARD said in Brooklyn, the Independent Republicans have not belonged to the party for what they could make out of it, and to put out gentlemen like Mr. PACKARD, Mr. FORMAN, Mr. DEMING, and the Committee of One Hundred, and to leave in Mr. DAGGETT and his friends in Brooklyn and Mr. O'BRIEN and his friends in New York, may leave a number of persons who are expert at "deals," but it annihilates a party which can carry elections. Undoubtedly the events of the summer have severed a great many of the best Republicans from the party. But the merest tyro in politics can see that if the whole Republican host that would not support Mr. BLAINE is to be ostracized, the party will be very select, but can not be successful.

If this boycotting method had been applied to the party in New York in 1882, the "remnant" would have been a ludicrous representative of the party. If it is to be formally announced by the action of Republican associations that refusal to support a candidate whom the voter holds to be dishonest is incompatible with Republican principles, what self-respecting man could wish to belong to the party? The Republican party should avoid dangerous inquiries. If the condition of membership is unquestioning and unscrupulous support of all party nominations and measures, the party is already gone. But how unnecessarily foolish this policy is appears from the results of the late Congressional elections. While the Republican vote for the Presidential candidate, as we state elsewhere, has declined in a startling ratio from that for GARFIELD, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives has been reduced at the same election nearly one-half. Now if this freedom is incompatible with Republicanism, so much the worse for Republicanism; and if Republican managers think that expulsion and calumny and boycot-

ting are the true ways to deal with those who will not support improper nominations, or nominations improperly made, they merely persevere in the unspeakable folly which they showed in the nomination of Mr. BLAINE.

THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

WE recur to the subject of the electoral count because events prove that the warning which we and others have raised against the folly of leaving the count unprovided for is completely justified. It is a national shame and disgrace that the House of Representatives has left this question unsettled. The peculiar peril which arises from leaving the vital point in the lawful and peaceful continuation of the government unprotected was revealed in the most startling manner in 1876–7. The remedy was simple, practical, and obvious. A proper bill was unanimously adopted by the Senate, and was not adopted by the House, and now we are confronted with the same possibility of trouble.

The duty of Congress upon its assembly is imperative. A proper provision for determining all questions arising upon the electoral returns should be at once taken up and pressed until adopted. Any attempt like that of Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, to secure a partisan advantage in such a law should cover with suspicion the party to which the proposer belongs. The EATON proposition was a scheme to swamp the Republican Senate by the Democratic House, and its principle was unconstitutional, because it not only disregarded the equal authority of the Senate as a House of Congress, but proposed to determine the question between certificates by a numerical majority of the combined members of the Senate and House, in direct opposition to the intent of the constitutional provision which vests the election, when it falls to the House, not in the majority of members, but of States.

The election by States is the essential point of the constitutional scheme of choosing the President, and the provision for counting the votes must be conformed to this fundamental fact. The provision of the HOAR bill—which we last week confounded with the EDMUNDS bill—upon the subject of conflicting certificates is simple, judicious, and unexceptionable. Each State must settle the dispute and determine who are its lawful electors. If the State fail to do it, then only the votes shall be received which the two Houses, acting separately, shall concurrently decide to be the lawful votes. If, however, the State has settled it, and only one certificate is presented, it shall not be rejected except by the affirmative vote of both Houses. This is a perfectly fair scheme, which throws upon the States, where it justly belongs, the duty of deciding who have been appointed electors, and only when the State fails to do so undertakes to decide the question, and in a way to which no party objection can be made. The necessity of Congressional action is so urgent and the duty so plain that it would be a grotesque as well as perilous want of common-sense to do nothing. There is no need of petitions. Failure to take the proper steps would be an impeachment of popular government.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE ELECTION.

THE attitude of the President during the late campaign was so dignified and becoming that we are not surprised to hear that the report of his conference with Messrs. JAY GOULD and CORNELL during the count of the vote was wholly unfounded. He came to New York to vote and to attend to some private business, after which he returned to Washington, without taking part in any election consultations.

The only circumstance in his official conduct during the campaign which is to be regretted was his tolerance of the outrageous performance of Commissioner DUDLEY. The President did, indeed, direct the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to the Commissioner's conduct, and the specific allegation against him was officially reported not to be sustained. But a Commissioner who sends in his resignation to take effect after the election, and then deserts his post and goes upon the stump, and still draws his salary, is an officer who should be peremptorily dismissed.

But it will be universally agreed that the President throughout his term has shown a high sense of the dignity of his great office, and that he will retire with the general respect and confidence of the country.

THE CHOLERA IN PARIS.

THE appearance of the cholera in Paris is startling, but it is reported to be confined to the worst parts of the city. It is in such ways that the worst parts revenge themselves upon the better. The sanitary conditions of the city are said to be very good, and the percentage of recoveries to be larger than in any other part of France in which the plague has appeared. The excitement is also said not to be great as yet. The theatres are as full as ever, and the lateness of the season encourages the hope of speedy relief.

The first great visitation of the cholera in France will now be generally recalled. This was in 1832, when, having ravaged Russia and Poland, the plague had appeared in England, but had spared France. On the 26th of March in that year, however, the first death occurred. On the 29th of March, at the festival of Mid-Lent, there was a masked ball at the Opera-house, and some of the maskers personified the Cholera. As if by a Providential judgment upon their defiance of the dread disease, one masked reveller after another, says OSCAR BROWNING, fell smitten and shrieking to the floor. The ball broke up in horror. Fifty victims were carried to the hospital, many of whom died a few hours later, and were buried in their masquerade dresses. More than 12,000 people died in Paris in the month of April, and in June it was still more violent. On the 16th of May CASIMIR PERIER, LOUIS PHILIPPE'S second Prime Minister, died of the epidemic, and during the half-year of its duration in France more than 1,200,000 persons died.

The later visitations of this plague have been less violent. But it seems to make a periodical tour of the world, and it will probably reach America in the next year. For a sensible people we are of so happy-go-lucky a temper that it is not at all improbable that we shall have taken no adequate precautions against its appearance. But it will not be because we have not been forewarned.

SINGING AND PLAYING.

THE season of the theatre began impressively. In New York Madame PATTI sang in ROSSINI'S *Barber*, and Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY played in the *Merchant of Venice*, and Madame RISTORI, after an absence of nine years, appeared in Philadelphia in an English version of *Queen Elizabeth*. The accounts report a great success, although her mastery of English is not quite complete. But the power of the actress, if the reports may be trusted, has not declined.

Last year we recorded our impressions of the IRVING representation of the *Merchant of Venice* as among the most poetic and charming of performances, and it has evidently lost nothing of its delightful character. The care and completeness in every detail, the great intelligence of the actors, the conception of the drama, and the spectacle as a whole, make it a memorable representation. The "old favorites" were welcomed most warmly, and their appearances will be followed with very great interest as the last opportunities of seeing and enjoying the most complete and perfect English drama of the day.

And at the Academy PATTI, the sole Rosina of the time, warbled the florid and sparkling and rippling melodies of ROSSINI in the decorative Italian style of vocalism which is becoming a tradition, as the music of ROSSINI ceases to fascinate as it fascinated the last generation. The PATTI performance, like the ROSSINI music, is an artificial pleasure, but it is unequalled of its kind. The rival house of song will open its doors a little later, and the melodious tournament will begin. A weekly journal can make but an occasional note of these metropolitan delights. But they may serve to remind our more distant readers of the refined and various pleasures that await their coming to the city.

THE FOUR GEORGES.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *History of Our Own Times* was one of the most popular of recent books. It was read with such general interest that it was certain the author would turn the talent of historical writing which he had developed to some other period, and the first volume of his *History of the Four Georges* is just published by the HARPERS. It is a convenient and well-printed book of about three hundred and twenty pages, and it is issued also in a very legible "Franklin Square" form. It is another excellent illustration of Mr. MCCARTHY'S striking gift of "interesting writing." The time of which he treats is one of great importance in English history, and one which THACKERAY'S lectures have made generally familiar. It was an epoch of fundamental constitutional settlements. England was passing finally from the old STUART and regal ascendency to the modern rule of the people under monarchical forms. The reign of the first GEORGE was the very turning-point, and the situation was such that Mr. MCCARTHY is of opinion that a little more wisdom upon the part of the old Pretender, JAMES STUART, would have restored to him, for a time at least, the crown of his ancestors.

The conspicuous figures of the time were almost wholly without moral elevation. Lord SOMERS, the greatest statesman of the Revolution of '88, had passed from active life, and the chief men were MARLBOROUGH, BOLINGBROKE, HARLEY, ROBERT WALPOLE, and Dean SWIFT. But of these, in the proper Georgian epoch, ROBERT WALPOLE was alone active and efficient. There are other names—ADDISON, ATTERBURY, PULTENEY, STEELE; but among them all, in that queer "Augustan age" of ANNE and her successors, ADDISON and STEELE are the only ones which are recalled with any fondness. The morality of the time, especially at the court, is best to be learned from HERVEY'S memoirs and from Mr. MCCARTHY'S description. The gravest statesmen, he says, King WILLIAM the Third or any other high personage, did not hesitate to lie in the most flagrant manner. Diplomacy, in fact, was mainly ingenious lying and overreaching.

It was the fortune of England that her fidelity to the "glorious Revolution" and the Protestant succession should have been tested in the most stringent manner at the very beginning of the new order. ANNE was a STUART, and her hope undoubtedly was that her brother JAMES might in some way "have his own again." It seems as if the chance of the appearance of certain uninvited lords at the meeting of the Privy Council baffled the plans of BOLINGBROKE and secured the Brunswick succession. But that succession appeared in the person of a dull and ignorant foreigner who hated England and Englishmen, and who could not speak a word of English—who was stupid and dissolute and without a single grace of manner or charm of character. He was succeeded by a son who was like him, and he in turn by a grandson who would have arrested the course of constitutional liberty, and he again by an utterly worthless son. Yet during all this time, as TENNYSON sings, freedom was broadening slowly down from precedent to precedent. This is the story which Mr. MCCARTHY has to tell, and which begins delightfully in this volume. It covers the whole reign of the first GEORGE, and enters upon the beginning of the second and the administration of WALPOLE. MACAULAY said that he wanted to write a history which should dispute with the last novel the interest of the reader. There are few novels in the "Franklin Square Library" which are more interesting than this history.

PERSONAL.

HANS MAKART'S funeral in Vienna was imperial in proportions and color. Two hundred artists followed the hearse with torches, and a hundred thousand less conspicuous mourners gave honor to the painter who had brought honor to Austria, and whose fine sense of the picturesquely magnificent would have been gratified and stimulated by an anticipation of the scene. It takes an empire to bury with splendor an illustrious artist.

—M. BLONDIN, who many years ago walked on a rope stretched above the Niagara Rapids from shore to shore, is now sixty years old, and a rope-walker still, at $500 a performance. His home is in London, but as the English law requires him to provide himself with a net against a possible fall, he usually gives his useless exhibitions on the Continent.

—Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE writes that his father would probably have not undertaken the work that he did in literature were it not for his wife's sympathy and companionship. "Not that she afforded him any direct and literal assistance in the composition of his books and stories; her gifts were wholly unsuited to such employment, and no one apprehended more keenly than she the solitariness and uniqueness of his genius, inasmuch as she would have deemed it something not far removed from profanation to have offered to advise or sway him in regard to his literary productions. She believed in his inspiration, and her office was to maintain, so far as in her lay, the favorableness of the conditions under which it should manifest itself. As food and repose nourish and refresh the body, so did she nourish and refresh her husband's mind and heart."

—Mrs. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, according to the Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer*, called upon Mrs. LOGAN when the latter was in Indianapolis. "Both are ladies in the highest sense of the word, and the meeting was as could have been expected. There was respect on the one side and courtesy on the other, and however politics may divide people, it is gratifying to know that these two ladies could meet each other as they should."

—An Albany correspondent writes that there are four ladies in President CLEVELAND'S immediate family, either of whom can well do the honors of his household in Washington. His eldest sister in this country, Mrs. W. E. HOYT, of Fayetteville, would fill any position with credit. She is a middle-age lady of pleasing address, who has spent a good deal of time at the Executive Mansion since her brother has been Governor. She has made many friends in the capital of the State, and will doubtless do the same in Washington. Miss R. E. CLEVELAND is the maiden sister. She still resides in the little home cottage at Holland Patent, just above Utica. A good public speaker, a quick conversationalist, and of intellectual force, she would do her share in entertaining her brother's guests at the national capital. Mr. CLEVELAND has a sister who for twenty years has been a missionary to Ceylon. She has two charming young lady daughters, MARY and CARRIE HASTINGS, whom the Governor has been for years educating in this country. He has given them every advantage, and they have improved it. They will no doubt be a part of their uncle's family circle at Washington.

—Fifty years ago a Russian general, the friend of the Emperor ALEXANDER I., left a legacy of 50,000 rubles, which, in the year 1925, should be paid, with the accumulated interest, to the person who, in the judgment of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences, should write the best life of that sovereign. The fund by that time will have amounted to the magnificent sum of $1,500,000. One-fifth of it will be deducted to defray the expense of publishing the work in fitting style, leaving the unprecedented literary prize of $1,200,000 for the successful competitor.

—Mr. FRANK VINCENT, Jun., the traveller and author, has recently received from the King of Cambodia the diploma and decoration of Officer of his Majesty's Royal Order. The diploma is elaborately engrossed in red, brown, and black upon a sheet of yellow parchment fully two feet square. The decoration of dark gold and red and blue enamel is very artistic in design and workmanship. It is in form a cross with eight points, surmounted by the imperial crown, all richly chased. The order is bestowed upon Mr. VINCENT "for services rendered to the Kingdom of Cambodia" in his book *The Land of the White Elephant*.

—An Oxford under-graduate who heard Mr. RUSKIN lecture on the "Pleasure of England" writes: "I had never before realized what the 'ancient eye' of the Ancient Mariner was like, and how the wedding guest could have been so under-bred as to neglect his engagement, till I saw Mr. RUSKIN. He looks one full in the face with his clear, quiet gaze—a thing which no other lecturer I have sat under ever did. The only 'Pleasure of England' connected with the lecture was the pleasure of listening to him."

—The designer of the first Confederate battle-flag was Colonel WALTON, of Louisiana, who presented it to General BEAUREGARD, who in turn submitted it to General JOE JOHNSTON, who caused it to be adopted by the Confederate army. It was a Greek cross of blue on a red field, with white stars on the blue bars. At the battle of Bull Run the Stars and Bars were found to be too much like the Stars and Stripes, and caused great confusion among the hostile forces. It was for this reason that General JOHNSTON took measures to have a new battle-flag.

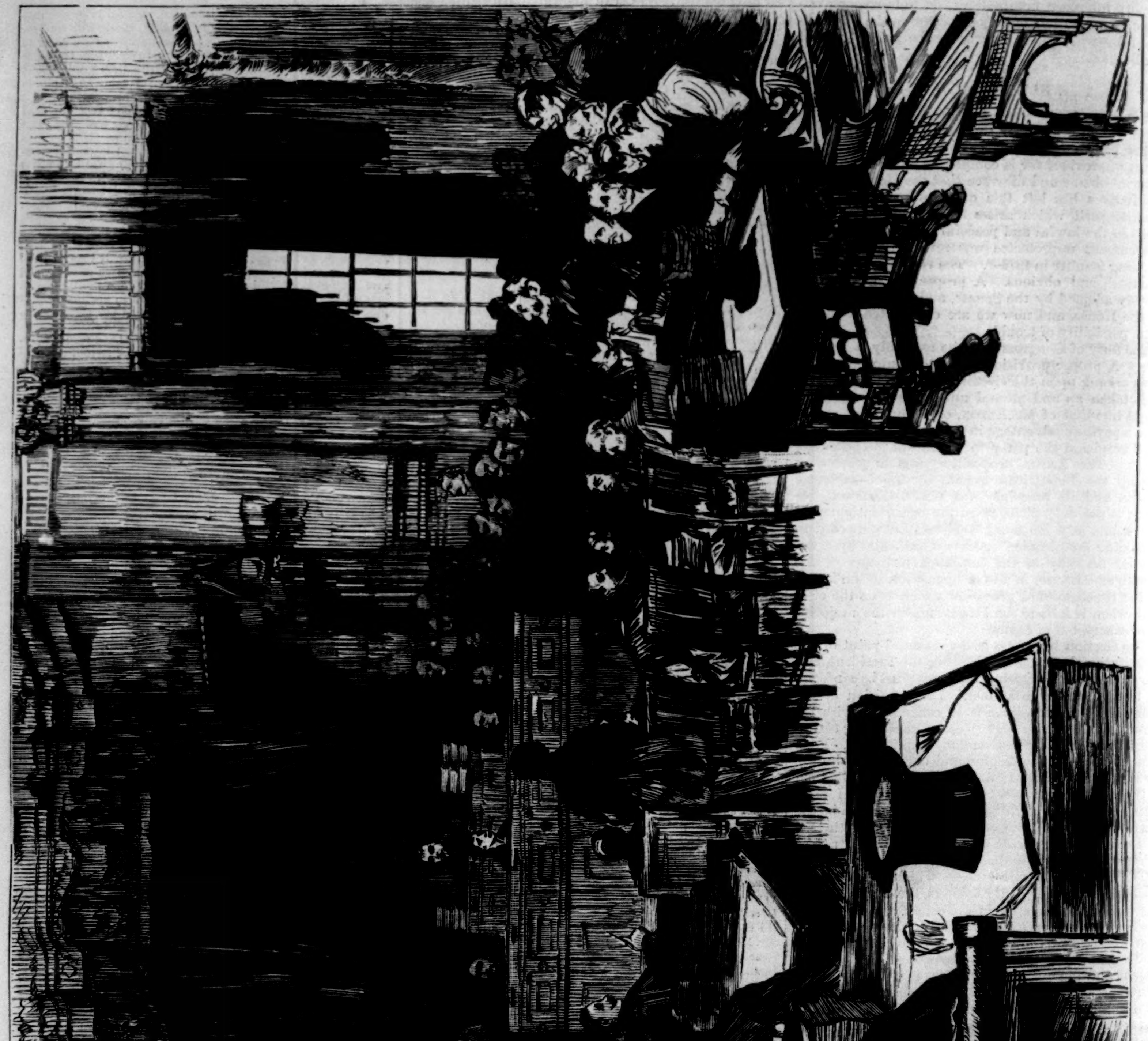
—Macon County, Mississippi, claims to be the happy possessor of a citizen who was born in the year 1776, and, after being twice married, has sixteen children and one hundred and thirty-eight grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the direct line. He has been a teetotaler since early manhood, but for sixty years has used tobacco, and believes that "it does not hurt me." He is able to get about the house, to walk in the yard, and to eat at the table without help. It is a source of regret to him that in 1813 he was too old to do military duty.

—Madame RISTORI thinks that MARY ANDERSON is "a splendid actress—so queenly—and a beautiful statue," and that SARAH BERNHARDT plays Lady Macbeth like a mad woman, "rushing about the stage in a blood-curdling manner."

—Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE'S famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," beginning with the verse, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," was written the morning after a visit to the Union army in Virginia, when she and her party came near being captured by Confederate scouts. To save her eyes, she followed her habit of penning her words without looking at the paper.

—Mr. CHARLES T. BARNEY, of this city, who is the personal friend of many of our leading artists, is erecting on West Fifty-fifth Street a succession of approved studio buildings, the rent of which will be within the means of our painters and sculptors. The project is in part the outcome of his success with a studio building on the same street, in which INNESS, the landscape painter, and HARTLEY, the sculptor, have for some months been housed.

—Mr. HENRY VILLARD'S new house, at Madison Avenue and Fiftieth Street, is remarkable for the chaste affluence of its interior. The large dining-room, whose ceiling, walls, and doors are of black English oak, profusely carved, with appropriate legends inlaid in white mahogany or ivory-wood, looks almost as antique as a baronial hall of the sixteenth century, and there is perhaps no private residence in America in which half a million dollars have been expended with less ostentation. Mr. VILLARD had been living in his palace only a week when his financial crash came. He staid there four months longer, and then withdrew to Germany for repose, taking with him the most of his ornate and costly furniture. The magnificent hall and staircase are of Mexican marble, with floor and many-vaulted ceiling of mosaic.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—COUNTING THE NEW YORK CITY VOTE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 769.]

GENERAL EDWARD A. PERRY, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF FLORIDA.

GENERAL J. S. MARMADUKE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSOURI.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHELTEN.

THE ASSISTANT POST-MASTER-GENERAL.

COLONEL SCHUYLER CROSBY, the gentleman who, by favor of the President, has just stepped from the chair of Governor of Montana Territory into that of First Assistant Postmaster-General, has a splendid record, and so deserves the new honor that has been conferred upon him. Governor CROSBY is a native of this State, having been born in Albany County, in the year 1839. He comes of good family, his great-grandfather having been WILLIAM FLOYD, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his mother, a Miss SCHUYLER, of Albany. He is a nephew of Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY. He was educated at the University of the City of New York, and served during the war in the regular army, where he was three times brevetted for distinguished gallantry. He held positions on the staffs of Generals BANKS, CANBY, and SHERIDAN, and after the close of the rebellion did brave service with General SHERIDAN throughout the Indian campaigns in which CUSTER fought. In 1871 he resigned, and five years later was appointed United States Consul at Florence, where he remained until 1882. While in Italy he received a mark of distinction from the King for the active part he took in securing the arrest of one of the worst and most formidable bands of criminals in that country. On his return to the United States he was made Governor of Montana, which position he has held until transferred to Washington. He did much toward securing the preservation of the Yellowstone Park, and later for the enactment and enforcement of the laws for the protection of game in the Territory.

Governor CROSBY'S bravery was not confined to the army. In 1876, when Commodore GARNER'S yacht, the *Mohawk*, capsized off Staten Island, and several of the party were drowned, he succeeded, at the peril of his own life, in rescuing Miss MAY. Mr. GARNER and his guests were preparing for a cruise down the bay in one of the largest vessels in the fleet. Suddenly a cloud came over the horizon, black, swift, menacing. All sails were set at the time, and the squall striking the yacht she capsized. The ladies were in the cabin at the time, under shelter from the rain, and when the boat went over their cries for help quickly brought Commodore GARNER and Colonel CROSBY from the deck to their rescue. With great difficulty the Colonel reached Miss MAY, and carried her to the hatchway. But the vessel being on beam ends they could not get up the steps. The Colonel pushed Miss MAY up through the opening, and so she escaped with her life. He then returned to the cabin, and worked heroically to the last minute to save others, but the vessel gave an extra lurch, the water overwhelmed the party, and Colonel CROSBY, nearly drowned, had barely time to make his escape through a hole cut by a boatswain in one of the side lights. For his gallantry on this occasion the Life-saving Service awarded the Colonel a medal, which he proudly keeps among his most valued treasures.

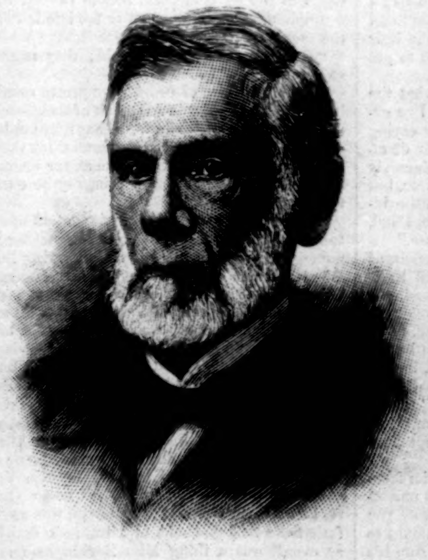
GOVERNOR HILL.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR DAVID B. HILL, who by reason of Governor CLEVELAND'S election to the Presidency will be elevated to the gubernatorial chair of the Empire State, is a comparatively young man, being but a little over forty years of age. His ancestors were New-Englanders, but he was born in Havana, Schuyler County, New York.

Mr. HILL was educated in the schools of his native place, and went to Elmira in 1862, where he completed his law studies, and was admitted to the bar in November, 1864. There he continued the practice of the law until elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1882. Since he was a lad Mr. HILL has taken an active personal interest in political matters. He has always been a firm, consistent Democrat, and early became a leader and controlling power in the party in his county and district. He was elected a member of the Assembly in 1870, and was re-elected in 1871. In his first term he introduced a bill which was passed by the body of which he was a member, but lost in the Senate, abolishing the contract system in State-prisons.

Mr. HILL served one term in the Common Council of Elmira, and was afterward elected Mayor of the city. For a number of years he was the proprietor of the Elmira *Daily Gazette*, the leading Democratic organ of the Southern tier.

THE HON. A. M. SCALES, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NORTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. W. DAVIS.



THE HON. MOODY CURRIER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. PIPER.

THE HON. SCHUYLER CROSBY, FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. MOSHER.

THE HON. DAVID B. HILL, GOVERNOR CLEVELAND'S SUCCESSOR.

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win," "The Great Tontine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CALL AT ST. LEONARD'S PLACE.

Gerald's interview with Writson, although only what he expected, was nevertheless saddening. He had known that Cranley must go for months, but it was nevertheless a wrench to think that it was on the very verge now of passing away from the family. His principal object was to delay the sale, but he could not quite muster up courage to confide to the kind-hearted old lawyer the visionary hope he indulged in. It was all very well to tell his warm-hearted, sanguine *fiancée* that he contemplated some daring turf speculation that would enable him to win money enough to redeem the Chase, but he felt it was a different thing to put this very undigested scheme before a hard-headed practical man. The scheme was as yet utterly unmatured, and to get a business man to take into serious consideration that you meditate embarking in some gambling speculation to raise money is a thing not to be thought of. Mr. Writson, conscious that he had already delayed the sale to the utmost extent of his ability, not from the remotest idea of averting the blow, but simply from the hope that a purchaser might yet be found to take the estate in the lump, naturally failed to fathom Gerald's reason for further deferring it. There was no hope of assistance or rescue from any quarter. The lawyer felt like a surgeon who has conclusively made up his mind that an operation is imperative, and that it is childish on the part of the patient to wish to put it off any longer.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Rockingham, that the creditors are not to be stayed further. I've exhausted the law's delay, and excuse my saying further postponement, even if possible, is unadvisable. Nobody can sympathize more sincerely with you under the circumstances than I do, but you must brace yourself up, sir, to meet the inevitable. A curious thing is that Pearson, I find, has been making inquiries about the Chase."

"Why, what can he want with it!" exclaimed Gerald. "After squeezing the orange all these years in conjunction with my precious cousin, he can't hanker after the rind."

"No, no, my dear sir," replied Writson, not a little astonished at Gerald's passionate outbreak. "It's not likely he wants it for himself, but he may have a commission to buy it. I shall very likely get at who it's for before the sale."

"By-the-way, has Mr. Elliston made any further proposition with regard to those acceptances of his?"

"No; and until we put the screw on him from a social point of view, I suspect it's very unlikely he will. He, through Pearson, as I wrote you word, offered a thousand pounds, but we ought to get double that out of him. The whole sum it's useless to expect. Now I see by the papers that you ride a great deal for Lord Whitby. On what sort of footing do you stand with him?"

"I'm a great favorite of his. I have been lucky with his horses, and though he treats me always as if I stood on the same platform as himself, I never forget that at present I am his jockey, and it has done me no harm with him. He is, as you perhaps know, proud and passionate, but he was an old friend of my father's, and stretched out his hand to me on that account."

"It strikes me that he might be just the man to put pressure on Mr. Elliston. If Lord Whitby chose to take up your case he is big enough to crush such as Mr. Elliston, and you owe it to Mrs. and Miss Rockingham to make him pay as much of his debt to your father as possible."

"I'll do it, Writson. I'll take the earliest opportunity of speaking to Lord Whitby on the subject. His dictum on all matters of honor is law in the racing world. Nobody even ventures to question his decision."

"If that's so, I think it probable Mr. Elliston will come to terms sooner than have so awkward a story in circulation concerning him."

"We'll try it, at all events," said Gerald, rising. "There'll be little enough left for my mother and sister when all is done. There's nothing to warrant my never recovering that two thousand pounds, if I can. Cuthbert Elliston will be really our debtor for four thousand odd even then."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Writson. "Do you make any stay in York?"

"No. I must get back to-morrow or the next day at furthest. Good-by."

The lawyer shook his head thoughtfully as Gerald left the room.

"Ah!" he muttered; "it's very sad. A fine young fellow, and the best blood in Yorkshire; riding races for a living, and his heritage coming to the hammer in September."

Gerald's appearance in St. Leonard's Place was welcomed with a low cry of pleasure from Mrs. Rockingham; indeed, both ladies were unfeignedly glad to see him. They had quite got over their first dismay upon learning the career he had embraced, and discovered that the world generally saw nothing at all disgraceful in it. Then, was he not an only son and brother whom they had not seen for nearly a twelvemonth? It was small wonder they were disposed to make much of him.

"My dear boy, it's quite a treat to have you with us again," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "Sit down and tell me who first put this extraordinary freak into your head. We are too thoroughly Yorkshire not to feel somewhat proud of your horsemanship. How on earth came you to think of it?"

"It was Dollie Greyson's idea; and without her help and encouragement I should never have carried it out. But, mother dearest, to go back to first causes, Cuthbert Elliston made me take to the saddle. Surely you remember the cruel taunt he flung at me that day at Cranley when we learned we were ruined. He recommended me to 'turn gamekeeper or pad-groom.' I had to do something; and, talking the matter over with Dollie, told her of Cuthbert's bitter gibe, and her woman's wit suggested turn jockey. Curious enough, the first race I won was on his horse. I won, and he had me turned out of the stable."

"What disgraceful ingratitude!" exclaimed Ellen. "I wonder all the racing world didn't cry shame upon him."

"Never expect gratitude from Cuthbert," rejoined Gerald, with a bitter smile. "Our poor father lent him thousands which he never repaid, except with undying hatred for all of us."

"I always did think he was your poor father's undoing," murmured Mrs. Rockingham, sadly.

"He hasn't quite settled with me yet," rejoined Gerald. "I fancy he's repented already of his sneering advice. My riding cost him a good deal at Goodwood last year."

"And you like the life, Gerald?—it interests you?" inquired Mrs. Rockingham.

"Yes; it's a healthy life, if hard; and besides, I've done with the rough part of it. I had my turn of that in my novitiate at Riddleton. You know I was always fond of horses; and there's nothing more exciting than the final struggle for a big race, when you know that success depends principally on your own nerve and judgment; that the calling on your horse for his supreme effort at the right moment means victory, while a couple of seconds too soon or too late is to lose the race."

"But your associates, Gerald; they must be so dreadful," said his sister.

"Some of them, of course, are pretty rough—but it's not necessary to see much of them—while others are very good fellows. They may not have quite the polish of society; but don't think they're uneducated. Many of the trainers, for instance, interest themselves in many things quite outside their profession."

Miss Rockingham had not quite got an answer to her insidious question. Since her brother had announced his firm intention of marrying Dollie Greyson, Ellen had become curious concerning Gerald's feminine acquaintance. Up to that time she had never given a passing thought to his marrying, but when a man, even though young, takes the idea of wanting a wife into his head, his sisters may naturally regard a sister-in-law as imminent. Ellen had hoped her question would draw forth some allusion to Dollie. She wanted much to hear whether Gerald had seen her constantly all these months. She knew his letters were always dated from the South, and that Dollie's home was in Yorkshire, but he might have been in Yorkshire many times though he had never visited St. Leonard's Place, and whether he was as "infatuated about that chit of a trainer's daughter as ever," was a thing Miss Rockingham much desired to know.

"But," she said, returning to the charge after a slight pause, "you used to be fond of ladies' society; surely you must miss that dreadfully in this life you have chosen."

"A good many young fellows have to do without that at the outset of their career; and though I fancy I am not quite the social pariah you picture me, still, I haven't time or inclination for that sort of thing. Remember, I have always this end before my eyes, I have adopted this profession as the pleasantest and easiest way in which I can make sufficient money to take my true position in the world, and, further, that I have probably but a short time to do it in. I'm not a light-weight now, and it's only by constant exercise and rigid abstinence that I keep about eight stone. It's quite likely that in a few years I shall get too heavy to ride. Besides," concluded Gerald, with a smile, "you forget my book's made."

"Surely, surely, you will never commit such madness," said Ellen. "You are avowedly making money in an inferior position with which to resume your proper station as soon as possible. To marry Miss Greyson is to settle down in that class for life. Speak to him, mother—urge him, for all our sakes, to pause before he takes such an irrevocable step as that would be!"

"Indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Rockingham, "do think of what your sister says. It was a great trouble to us at first when we found out what you were doing, and it was only when Mr. Thorndyke explained to us that you were making a deal of money, and people in these times didn't care how that was done, providing it was only honestly, that we got reconciled to it, and began to understand what you have just told us. But, Gerald dearest, to marry amongst these people is to live and die amongst them."

"You can't understand," interposed Gerald, roughly, "what Dollie's been to me. You can't suppose I'm going to throw over the girl I'm sincerely attached to, and to whose advice and assistance I owe my present position, because she's not in the Stud Book?"

"Your new associates begin to rather influence your conversation," rejoined Ellen, haughtily.

"Don't talk rubbish," said Gerald, sharply. "You might have heard my last remark in the smoking-room at Cranley, or in the precincts of any club in London. I'm not going to quarrel, but what can you know in reality of the world? Some knowledge of slang is and always was part of a gentleman's education. Why, when the late Lord Lytton wrote *Pelham* it was brought against him that 'his knowledge of flash was evidently purely superficial.' Flash, my sister, is merely recondite slang or thieves' *argot*."

"I can only say," returned Ellen, by no means mollified at the sharpness with which her brother was asserting his position as head of the family, "there is a savor of the race-course about your conversation which I, at all events, am not accustomed to."

Gerald bit his lip as the blood rushed into his face, and for a moment meditated an angry retort, but his new profession had schooled him severely in the disadvantage there is in loss of temper. He had not battled with equine infirmity of that nature without discovering the virtues of patience and "a calm sough." After a little he replied, calmly:

"Don't be unkind, Nell. I started, remember, smashed, broken stock, lock, and barrel as a Rockingham; that may be slang, but you understand it. Good! I have struck out my own line, and made a reputation under another name; that the world have discovered Jim Forrest and Gerald Rockingham to be one is no fault of mine. If you and mother feel so ashamed of me, I'll pursue my career under the name of my adoption, but don't suppose, under any circumstances, that I shall not marry Dollie Greyson; because I shall, hap what may."

Miss Rockingham was not a little staggered at her brother's firmness. She had recognized for some time the change that had come over him, but she had thought the united entreaties of his mother and herself would have at least made him waver in his determination to marry Dollie Greyson. But it was evident he was shaken not an iota on this point. They had to choose between whether they would abandon Gerald or receive his wife, and as head of the family he had surely some right to dictate. Ellen was a little puzzled how to reply; her pride forbade her to give in to this brother younger than herself, while her common-sense told her he had the right to select the woman he would marry, and meant to exercise it.

"I had thought you would have paid some attention to my wishes in some respect, Gerald," said Mrs. Rockingham, feebly.

"My dearest mother, I hope I shall always listen to your wishes about anything, but this is a thing a man must decide for himself."

Despite this being a question of serious disquiet to them, the two ladies could not refrain from exchanging a slight smile at hearing this dark-faced stripling who had so suddenly arrogated to himself man's estate pronounce his opinion in so decided a fashion.

"As I said before," continued Gerald, "not only do I love her very dearly, but I owe my present position entirely to her clear practical common-sense. You may think that it is very easy for a Rockingham to get his living in this world. I can only say that when it became necessary I should do it, I found Rockinghams considerably at a discount, and that except in my present profession I should be much puzzled how to earn thirty shillings a week."

"That is not exactly the question, Gerald. You have adopted this profession, and everybody knows it. It is much too late to say anything more about that, but we do urge you to pause before you take such an irrevocable step as getting married. Remember, you can abandon a profession, but not a wife."

"I am not likely to change my determination," replied Gerald, quietly; "such training as I have gone through lately has strengthened my will as well as my muscles. An irresolute jockey would soon lose his riding. But if it will be any satisfaction to you to know that I don't mean marrying immediately, you may have it. We can both afford to wait, and for the present I am bound to work hard at my profession, as I told you at my age it is impossible to say how long I may be able to continue it. The probability is I shall get too heavy in a few years. Mother, when may I bring my *fiancée* to see you?"

But ere Mrs. Rockingham could answer, the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Thorndyke."

It was true that Ellen, after what had passed between them, had no cause to think that Mr. Thorndyke was in the least likely to intrude his advice upon Gerald; but she was decidedly nonplussed at the line John Thorndyke took up when, the first greetings over, she introduced him to her brother.

"How do you do, Mr. Rockingham?" said the genial Rector. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are all proud of you in Yorkshire, and so are your class all through England. It always does one good to see the gentleman hold his own with the professional. It shows there's grit left in us still."

"Thank you very much for your good opinion," replied Gerald, laughing. "But remember, I don't claim to be 'a gentleman'; I ride purely as a professional."

"I know," replied Thorndyke; "but a gentleman you are, and I feel quite sure will never forfeit that position. You are paid, and so, indirectly, are most gentlemen riders. The one difference is, *they* all take seven pounds' allowance as such, while you don't."

Gerald cast a triumphant look across at his sister; the name of John Thorndyke had cropped up not a little in that young lady's letters of late. Judging from past experience, Gerald had no doubt that what he had begun irreverently to term "Ellen's new pet parson" was of that extreme type that are merciless in their denunciations of the turf and all connected with it. Mr. Thorndyke's speech was a pleasant surprise to him. As he rose to go, he said, simply:

"I'm glad to have met you, Mr. Thorndyke, and I hope to see you again before long. You must excuse my running away now; I have lots to do, and very little time to do it in. Good-by, Ellen; good-by, mother dearest;" and, as he kissed her, Gerald whispered into her ear, "I shall bring Dollie to see you to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

"I congratulate you on your son, Mrs. Rockingham," said Mr. Thorndyke, as the door closed upon Gerald. "A fine, manly young fellow; and he has caught no that of the profession he has embraced."

"I beg your pardon," interposed Ellen, a wee bit sharply. "His conversation was tolerably interlarded with horsy expressions before you came in. You only saw him for a minute or two, remember."

"What does that matter?" rejoined the Rector. "A large proportion of the young gentlemen of the present day talk horse, and usually in exact inversion to their knowledge of the subject. He would probably have done that had he remained at Cambridge."

It was too provoking. John Thorndyke seemed to be holding a brief for Gerald; but ere Ellen could reply, Mrs. Rockingham cut into the conversation.

"Ah! you do not know the worst," she said. "He contemplates marrying amongst these people."

"He is too young to think of that; not but what if he marries the right woman it very often steadies a young fellow, and is the making of him; but when there is such a difference of class, it's a doubtful experiment. A half-educated woman is apt to jar upon a refined man after the first. She is perpetually offending him unwittingly."

"I knew, Mr. Thorndyke, you would never approve of such a *mésalliance*," exclaimed Ellen, triumphantly.

"Forgive me; I don't altogether say that. I only say it's a dangerous experiment. It depends so much upon what the girl is like."

The two ladies exchanged glances, which said, "Shall we tell him?" and then Mrs. Rockingham rose, and saying to her daughter, "You had better tell Mr. Thorndyke, and then perhaps he wouldn't mind saying to Gerald what he has just said to us. You will excuse me, as I have one or two little things to attend to."

"Let us hope it is not so bad as you think it, Mrs. Rockingham," said the Rector, as he opened the door for her. "Many girls in these days are educated what would have been thought far above their position forty years ago."

"You can't make a lady out of a trainer's daughter," retorted Mrs. Rockingham with no little asperity, as she swept from the apartment.

John Thorndyke bowed silently, and then, taking a chair, waited till it should please Ellen to be communicative.

"This is very sad, very distressing for us, is it not?" she said at length.

"Your brother is young, and as long as he is not actually married there is always considerable likelihood that he will change his mind," replied the Rector, vaguely.

"I am afraid not. You do not know my brother—he is very obstinate when he has taken a thing into his head."

"Very resolute in purpose is, I fancy, more the term. Weak characters are obstinate. Your brother's career so far shows anything but weakness of character."

"Call it what you will," exclaimed Ellen, impatiently, "he is very fixed in his determination to marry this Dollie Greyson."

John Thorndyke was almost betrayed into a long whistle. "How very dull of me," he thought, "not to have guessed the riddle at once!"

"Ah," he said, dreamily, at last, "if he is honestly in love with Miss Greyson, I think the probability is he will be—well, we'll say obstinate."

"Why, what do you know about her?" exclaimed Ellen, in amazement.

"Very little. I have only seen her two or three times in her uncle's shop, and she was such a pretty, graceful little girl that she attracted my attention, and I inquired who she was. Upon one occasion she served me with gloves or something, and in the few words that passed between us I can recollect being much struck with her lady-like manner, so very superior to what one would have expected."

Really, Mr. Thorndyke was too bad. He had been looked to to play in modified manner the part of Balaam, and, far from rebukes, he was dealing out nothing but approbation.

"Pray have you ever seen the girl, Miss Rockingham?" inquired the Rector, after a short pause.

"Yes," replied Ellen; "and I am bound to confess she is a pretty little thing; but," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "she is the daughter of William Greyson the trainer, at one time my father's servant."

"It is awkward; but you know I don't attach quite so much importance to these things as you do. I have lived a good bit in the world, for when I had charge of a large parish in London I had most excellent introductions, and saw a good deal of society. The hardest workers find the most time for play. It's all method and arrangement. Well, Miss Rockingham, the prosperous butter merchant's son of to-day goes to college, and, let him only turn out a good fellow and his father die rich enough, mixes and marries in society."

"You don't mean to say," cried Ellen, "that you are advocating Gerald's marriage with this Miss Greyson?"

"No; certainly not. As I have said already, he is too young, for one thing, nor do I know enough of the lady to be able to form an opinion. I only mean that from the little I have seen of her it is not nearly so bad as it sounds. You have not yet mastered the fusion of classes, which is one of the characteristics of the age."

"No, and I trust I never shall. I can't and won't believe it!" cried Ellen, passionately.

"Ah, well," said the Rector, "you know the old proverb, 'None so blind,' etc. The represent-

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1439.

atives of the people might teach you that. Look at the present House of Commons, what an incongruous assembly it is! Men of birth, talent, and education sitting side by side with shop-keepers, etc., and the result is that one man of transcendent genius rules it with a rod of iron, makes it, when he chooses to take up that rod, cower like naughty children, and yield to his whims and caprices, whatever they may be. Democracy is always dangerously near autocracy, and no man since the days of the Tudors was ever so absolutely ruler of England."

Ellen, however she disagreed with him, was always deeply interested when John Thorndyke talked in this way, and of late the girl had lost her self-reliance, and caught herself wondering whether it was not more likely that Thorndyke, with all his knowledge of life, learning, and common-sense, should be a better judge of these things than herself. Canon Durnsford, too, although he laughingly repudiated sharing the Rector of St. Margaret's extreme views, indirectly confirmed them to a certain extent.

Still, listening with interest to Mr. Thorndyke's Radical theories was a very different thing from welcoming Dollie Greyson as a sister.

But the Rector had stopped talking, and after a slight pause broke into a low laugh as he said:

"Ten thousand pardons, Miss Rockingham. I had no business to hold forth in that fashion, but once give a man a chance to ride his hobby, and it's sure to get away with him. Forgive me. Upon my word," he continued, breaking into a peal of laughter, "I really thought I was on 'the stump.'"

"No, Mr. Thorndyke, I like to hear you talk, little as I agree with you; but we women, as a rule, are all Conservatives to the backbone. We dread our advanced sisters, and want neither votes nor seats in Parliament. I for one think the 'Mrs. Jellabys' of the world do no good in their generation, and may well leave such work to their male belongings."

"Perhaps you are right. At all events, Radical though I am, that is my opinion also. But do you want my advice about your brother's engagement?"

"Ah, Mr. Thorndyke, you will speak to him, and point out to him the mistake he is making, won't you?" cried Ellen.

"No, not at all. I wash my hands of it. I simply recommend you to make no further objection. Your brother, from what I see of him, is little likely to be swayed by any one in this matter. To oppose him means to quarrel with him, and, if anything, hurry his marriage. Rest contented, then. The girl is pretty and lady-like. It is quite possible, when I know her, I shall congratulate you most heartily on your sister-in-law."

A sudden thought flashed through Ellen's mind. Could Mr. Thorndyke contemplate some such marriage as Gerald? Was he advocating his own cause while pretending that he could not see anything much to be distressed about in her brother's engagement? A strange feeling of weariness, for which she herself could hardly account, came across her at this idea. She had never heard of Mr. Thorndyke being particular in his attentions to any lady in York, but he was just the man to be much struck with any case of devotion and self-sacrifice amongst the poorer of his parishioners, and, if the maiden were comely, quite capable of asking her to share his home, with very little heed as to what the world might say of it.

"Would you make such a marriage yourself?" she asked, a little shyly, after a long pause.

"No," replied the Rector, bluntly.

"Then, Mr. Thorndyke," exclaimed Ellen, "how can you support my brother in his preposterous folly?"

"I would not myself make such a marriage, because I hope to marry a woman of very different station;" and the quiet, resolute tones in which the answer was given, and the straight glance of John Thorndyke's blue eyes into her own, told the girl at once who that woman was.

Ellen's heart gave a great jump; she recognized now why she had felt uneasy at the idea of John Thorndyke marrying; but though she had conceived a great liking and respect for the Rector, she honestly had never yet thought of him in the light of a possible lover. But she recovered her presence of mind in a few seconds, and replied,

"That sounds to me an additional reason why you should expostulate with my brother."

"Never mind your brother just now. I've a question to ask you on my own account. You've known me now over a twelvemonth, Miss Rockingham, and I have learned in that time to love you very dearly. Will you be my wife? Stop," he continued, seeing that she was about to interrupt him. "Don't think that we differ very much in our views of life or religion. We both wish to do such good as may lie within our power, and tolerance should be a cardinal point in all creeds. If you love me, there will speedily be little difference of opinion between us."

Suddenly Ellen rose to her feet. "Mr. Thorndyke," she said, "you have paid me the greatest compliment a man can pay a woman, and for that I thank you; but I have too great a regard and esteem for you to answer your question without some little consideration. You have taken me by surprise. I must have time to think whether I could be the wife I wish to be to you."

"I am quite satisfied on that point," rejoined Thorndyke, smiling. "Only say you will be my wife, and I am quite willing to chance your being a good one."

"Please let me go now; I want to be alone and think," exclaimed Ellen, resisting her lover's attempt to detain her hand.

"It shall be as you will," he replied, releasing her, "although I had hoped to have won a consent from your lips this morning; but, Ellen, you won't keep me long in suspense?"

"No; you shall hear from me to-morrow morning without fail. For the present, good-by," and the Rector felt that he was dismissed.

John Thorndyke did not feel much disturbed that he had failed to obtain a final answer that morning. He understood Miss Rockingham's character too well. She would have been prompt enough if she had meant to say no. Most women when they debate about accepting a man rarely come to that conclusion. The girl with her somewhat rigid principles had unconsciously made it very difficult for herself to give Thorndyke a negative answer. She had great contempt for the littleness of coquetry, and there would have been a spice of that in keeping a straightforward, honest gentleman in suspense, if she had much doubt about what her decision would be. The Rector felt well satisfied with his morning's work as he strolled homeward, and his thoughts now drifted into some mundane reflections about his professional prospects. The first five years of his ministry had been passed in the quiet country rectory in which he had succeeded his father; but when the almost simultaneous death of his mother and sister released him from keeping the home to which they were so wedded over their heads, he at once applied for metropolitan preferment, and was quickly installed in one of those large East End parishes that often prove the stepping-stone to promotion. From thence he had been transferred to York at his own request, finding the sickly London atmosphere, after three years, began telling on a man so used to the fresh pure country air and a healthy country life as he had been.

John Thorndyke knew that he stood well with the chiefs of the Church, despite his somewhat peculiar views, and that he might count upon promotion in some shape before long, and he thought now would be a fitting time to jog their memories.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"JUDITH SHAKESPEARE."

A RECENT issue of the London *Times* contains the following letter to the editor:

"SIR,—I have just received from Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps a letter in which he refers to a review of the above-named novel in *The Times*, and is kind enough to inclose the accompanying memoranda. I had not myself seen the article in question, as I make it a rule nowadays not to read reviews of any of my books; but as these points of detail appear to have been in dispute—and as they are of great importance quite apart from the mere *vraisemblance* of a work of romance—I have no doubt that those of your numerous readers who are also Shakespearean students will be glad to have information with regard to them coming from so distinguished an authority. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"*October* 28. WILLIAM BLACK."

"1. There was no law of copyright in the time of Shakespeare nor for long afterward. The Stationers' Company had the right, which was seldom exercised, of seizing books printed without their license, but when once a license had been granted, the author and theatrical manager, unless there were a restrictive clause in the entry, were without any sort of remedy against literary piracy.

"2. There is no accepted order of the dates of the composition of the *Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*. What there is of external evidence would indicate the priority of the former; while the æsthetic and metrical tests can be of no weight in this matter in regard to two plays composed, in all probability, within a few months of each other. As to mere opinions, Coleridge puts the *Winter's Tale* second, while the poet Campbell is positive that Shakespeare broke his staff in company with Prospero.

"3. Judith Shakespeare, in common with most of her contemporaries who were in a similar position in life, was, in all probability, unable to either read or write. There are two documents extant in which her attestations are given, in each case with a mark, and this is all the evidence there is on the subject. It has, I am aware, been stated that persons who could write occasionally used marks instead of signatures, but if any examples of this practice are to be found, they are certainly too rare to warrant its assumption in the absence of evidence. No case of the kind has been traced among the voluminous records of Stratford-on-Avon."

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

IN a country where time is no object, where punctuality is unknown, and where haste is regarded as a sign of ill-breeding, the introduction of railways seems a superfluous anomaly. And yet stress of circumstances has so forced the hands of the statesmen of China that an imperial decree has, we are told, been issued inviting proposals for the construction of railways through the northern portions of the empire. Thus the day has arrived which has for years been looked forward to by financial syndicates, groups of contractors, and ambitious foreign engineers. Already, no doubt, plans and maps which have been kept carefully pigeon-holed at Shanghai and Hong-Kong in preparation for the turn which events are now taking are on their way to Prince Kung's successor at Peking, and to his omnipotent lieutenant Li Hung Chang, whose only difficulty will be to make choice of the best among the many schemes which will be laid before them. It is, however, by no means certain that foreigners, or at all events any subjects of the Great Powers, will have much to do with the construction of the proposed lines. The Chinese have shown of late a natural desire to do their own work, or if foreign help has to be called in, to employ people of nationalities whose desire to encroach may reasonably be considered as limited by their lack of power to trespass. Thus to Danes has fallen much of the work connected with laying the new telegraph lines, which, from a Chinese point of view, could not safely be entrusted to subjects of states possessing large armies and powerful fleets.

On the subject of the adoption of railways the Chinese have hitherto proved themselves stolidly indifferent to the promptings of active plenipotentiaries and of interested advisers. For some years it has been foreseen by the most enlightened of their statesmen that railways are inevitable, but at the same time they have wisely determined to wait for the demand of a naturally developed want, and have set their faces steadily against pandering either to a gushing philanthropy or to the outcry begotten of a manufactured need. In this spirit they refused, on behalf of the late Emperor, the present of a railway which a number of well-meaning English capitalists proposed to lay down in the palace grounds for the amusement of his Imperial Majesty; and they pulled up the Woo-Sung Railway, which, having been made for the purpose of stimulating the appetite of the people for railways, enjoyed a checkered course of popularity, litigation, and financial loss for just six weeks. As though destined to be the unfortunate plaything of people in advance of the age, the *matériel* of this railway was shipped to Formosa by an enthusiastic mandarin who thought it possible to regenerate the island by carrying passengers and goods about it at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He even succeeded in collecting several hundred thousand dollars to make his road, but before he could begin the work he was transferred to another scene of usefulness, and the mandarin who entered on his labors entered also into the possession of his accumulated dollars. From that day to this nothing has been heard of the fund, and the rails and rolling-stock are at this moment rusting on the Formosan wharves.

But during the eight years which have elapsed since the Woo-Sung fiasco events have occurred which have educated the native mind at an unprecedented rate. One of the most awful famines which have ever visited any country has desolated whole provinces of the empire; there have been wars in the outlying dependencies, rumors of wars with Russia and Japan, and an actual crossing of swords with France. The telegraphs also, which now carry messages from Peking to Canton in a few minutes, have aggravated the growing impatience at the slowness of the means of transport from one place to another, and the natural result of these conditions is the now expressed desire to have the iron horse running through the land.

Private interests are also in favor of the innovation, and Prince Ch'un, the Emperor's father, who, according to the *quidnuncs* of Shanghai, is opposed to everything foreign, has inaugurated his accession to power by giving his cordial support to the new proposal, and has sanctioned an order for a quantity of steel rails from the Osnabrück steel-works. For the last two or three years the Prince has taken an active interest in the coal and iron mines of the northern provinces, and he probably recognizes the fact that his profits might be increased a hundredfold if the output were carried to market in railway trucks rather than in donkey carts. It is doubtless in connection with these mines that the first railways will be constructed, and fortunately for the undertaking the prospects of an immediate return are unquestionably certain. In Shan-See, the province adjoining the metropolitan province on the west, the extent of the coal field is incalculably great, while in the immediate neighborhood iron abounds in profusion.

In estimating the effects which are likely to be produced on the country by railways, it is necessary to consider the social side of the question. Although caste in its technical sense is unknown in China, the divisions which separate the ranks of the mandarinate are as marked as those which divide the different Brahminical grades, and the gulf which intervenes between the official classes and the people is quite as wide as that which yawns between the Brahmin and Shudra classes. And in one sense the Chinese distinctions are more difficult to deal with than the Indian, in that they affect every act in the daily intercourse of life. At first, therefore, the levelling tendency of railways will beyond question produce some searchings of heart among the privileged classes. A red-buttoned mandarin whirling through the country in company with a parcel of rich shop-keepers would be in a position as distasteful to himself as embarrassing to his fellow-travellers, whose only attitude in the presence of so great a man would at any other time be one of humble prostration.

The necessity for punctuality also will be galling to men who have always been accustomed to start on their journeys at any hour they please, unfettered by time or time-tables; and the idea of a railway guard starting a train without waiting for a leisurely approaching local magnate would be an unheard-of want of propriety. Even in the minor question of making the time-tables plain to the people, some preliminary difficulties will unquestionably arise. The day of twenty-four hours is, according to Chinese reckoning, divided into twelve equal divisions, which are known as the period of the rat, the ox, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the serpent, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the cock, the dog, and the boar. Each of these periods is subdivided into eight parts of fifteen minutes each, and these are the smallest divisions of time known to all except the few fortunate possessors of watches. This at once opens a field for the wildest confusion and strange misunderstandings. What will minutes represent to the minds of people accustomed only to reckon by the rat, the ox, the tiger, etc.? and how will the fine distinctions of A.M. and P.M. be brought home to their intelligences? Though these and all other difficulties, not the least of which will be connected with ladies travelling, will disappear with time, they will not be less real while they last; and though railways will ultimately lead up to greater reforms, and will produce greater advantages in China than in any empire under the sun, they will probably have to encounter a period of probation which will try the patience and tax the resources of the promoters and supporters of their existence.

DEER-HUNTING.

THE illustration on page 774 closes the admirable series of pictures on hunting deer, from the pencil of Mr. FROST, which have appeared from time to time during the past few months in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. This picture tells its own story; but those who are interested in the subject, and especially in the causes which are leading to the rapid disappearance of game in regions where it was once abundant, may find food for reflection in an article by Mr. GASTON FAY, which was printed in the WEEKLY for October 4, 1884.

COUNTING THE VOTE.

OUR illustration on page 766 shows the scene in the Aldermanic Chamber in the New York City Hall on the 11th inst., when the City Fathers assembled to count the votes cast in this city and county at the late election. By a combination between the Republican and Tammany Hall members, Alderman Waite, Republican, was elected chairman.

The room was thronged by interested spectators, but the counting proceeded quietly, and there was little excitement during the sessions of the board. The proceedings were closely watched by counsel for both parties. Among the eminent lawyers retained by the Democratic National and State committees were Roscoe Conkling, Aaron J. Vanderpool, James C. Carter, Francis C. Barlow, Franklin Bartlett, Francis L. Stetson, Edward H. Baron, E. Ellery Anderson, Charles P. Miller, and Francis M. Scott; while the Republican committees were represented by William M. Evarts, George Bliss, Robert Sewell, Clarence A. Seward, and William Allen Butler. Neither Mr. Conkling nor Mr. Evarts was present when our artist sketched the scene.

THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

THE grand World's Industrial Exposition to be opened in New Orleans early in December, and to continue during a period of six months, will be a magnificent exhibition of the progress of all nations in art, science, and industry during the last hundred years. The buildings, covering sixty acres in the City Park, present a great variety of architectural styles. They are designed and grouped not only with a view to the special use to which each will be appropriated, but with an eye to the general effect of the whole. Our illustration on page 770 shows a busy scene of preparation in front of the principal building.

The situation of the Exposition is one of rare beauty and attractiveness. Splendid groves of live-oak are scattered over the grounds. Large tracts have been converted into elaborate and lovely gardens, some of which are several acres in extent, with miniature lakes, sparkling fountains, tropical flowers, and luxuriant vegetation. The temperature of New Orleans during the season when the Exposition will be open is mild and salubrious. The verdure of the trees, shrubbery, and lawns remains fresh and green, flowers are blooming, and the whole aspect of nature is charming.

The importance of the Exposition was very forcibly stated by President ARTHUR in a special message to Congress recommending an additional appropriation for a government exhibit, in which he said:

"The importance, purposes, and benefits of the New Orleans Exhibition are continental in their scope. Standing at the threshold of the almost unopened markets of Spanish and Portuguese America, New Orleans is a natural gateway of their trade, and the Exhibition offers to the people of Mexico and Central and South America an adequate knowledge of our farming implements, metal manufactures, cotton and woollen goods, and the like necessities of existence, in respect to which those countries are either deficient or supplied to a limited extent. The breaking down of the barriers which still separate us from the republics of America, whose productions so entirely complement our own, will aid greatly in removing the disparity of commercial intercourse, under which less than ten per cent. of our exports goes to American countries."

For the purposes of the Exposition the general government has appropriated $1,300,000; the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, each $100,000; the citizens of New Orleans have contributed $500,000; Mexico has appropriated $200,000, and various foreign countries and many States, counties, parishes, cities, towns, corporations, and individuals, have appropriated and contributed amounts aggregating hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The main building is the largest ever erected, being 1378 feet long by 905 feet wide. It is situated near the centre of the grounds, and is intended for general exhibits. Machinery Hall and Music Hall form subdivisions of this building.

The Government Building, intended for United States and State Exhibits, is 885 feet long by 565 feet wide.

The building known as Horticultural Hall is 600 feet long by 194 feet wide.

The Art Gallery, built of corrugated iron, is 250 feet long by 100 feet wide.

The building designated as Factories and Mills is 350 feet long by 120 feet wide, and built of iron.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS—SCENES IN THE CITY PARK.—Drawn by Graham and Durkin.—[See Page 773.]

WATER-LOGGED—A PERIL OF THE SEA.—Drawn by M. F. H. de Haas.—[See Page 776.]

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT CROSS OF HONOR.

The Board of Officers of the Seventh Regiment of New York has recently adopted a design for a military cross to be awarded for long and faithful service to past, present, and future members of the organization. The term of military service as now required by law is five years; but the cross in bronze is only awarded to those who have served ten years in the regiment, and to those members who served in the regular or volunteer army and navy during the war, 1861-5. The objects of this military decoration are, first, the recognition of distinguished service by members during the war, or before or since the war; and second, to encourage the service of officers and members, present and future, for a longer period than the term fixed by law. The cross may also be issued in silver and gold to those serving fifteen and twenty years; but the bronze cross will be the standard and popular form for presentation by the regiment. At the November meeting of the Board of Officers the bronze cross was awarded to two hundred and eleven active and exempt members, and the presentation will take place at a parade of the regiment at the armory in February next.

The cross was designed by Mr. Whitehouse, of Tiffany & Co., and it is now being manufactured by that firm. Upon its face is a wreath of oak and laurel, and at the centre a figure 7, surrounded by the words "Long and faithful service." It is suspended by a ribbon to a bar upon which is engraved the motto of the regiment, *Pro Patria et Gloria.*

THE PROFESSOR'S GREAT FIND.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

As a scientist, Professor MacDougal stood high. He left Yale at twenty-one, went through Giessen afterward, and concluded by a course of study in the School of Mines in Paris. He was recognized abroad and at home as a man of profound learning, and at the early age of thirty was made Professor of Natural Science at Barneville College. He came of a race of scientific notables. His grandfather, a Scotsman, had been Professor at Glasgow. His father, who came to this country, and married, and settled here, though he never taught, was more distinguished, and Professor Roderick bade fair to surpass his predecessors in scientific renown.

But the close pursuit of knowledge has its penalty. The first Commencement-day found the Professor quite broken up. Nearly six feet high, and with muscles to fit, he had been the crack oarsman at Yale, and at the head of the first class of the Turn Verein at Giessen. Now he had grown lean, weak, and listless. His colleagues viewed his state with alarm. One of them, also a skillful physician, gave him a prescription. "Mac," he said, "you have worked wonders for us during the course, but at your own expense. Go to the country. Get away from books entirely. You have three months of vacation. Use it up by absence from ink of all kinds, or *you* will be used up."

The Professor thought on it. "I ought to devote the vacation to my treatise on the Gryllidæ," he said. "But perhaps you are right. Up in Mountain County there is a gneiss formation, permeated by veins of coarse granite that must be rich in minerals. It has been little explored, and I may make a great find there, and get a specimen or so that I shall be proud to show to my friends."

So the Professor bought a coarse gray suit, packed his valise, added a leathern satchel and belt, with hammer, chisel, and blow-pipe, and started for Mountain County. On the cars he fell in with an old friend, who happened to know all about his place of destination. He was told to get off at Firwood Station, where he would find a stage-coach to take him to Rockborough, the county town. The inns there were execrable, and he was advised to seek boarding in a farm-house.

"Can you recommend one?" asked the Professor.

"They are about the same kind," was the reply, "clean, coarse, and with no chamber window that will let down from the top. The natives have a horror of letting foul air out or fresh air in. There is one exception: old Squire Martyns has a nice house, and lives well. His maiden sister is his housekeeper. He has a very pretty daughter; but she is off at boarding-school. The Squire takes boarders only now and then—he is rich—and only for company. If he likes you, and his sister should like you, he'll let you stay. He lives three miles east of Rockborough, and any one can pilot you."

"Thank you. I'll try him."

"I must tell you, however," resumed his informant, "that the Squire is a character. He is a fairly educated man, and as you say you are mineral-hunting, he can help you, for he has a collection, and knows the localities. But he'll accost you in the vernacular of the region, and keep it up until he gets to know you."

Thus it was that one afternoon early in July Professor Roderick MacDougal was carried in a hired wagon from Rock borough to Martyns' Nest, as the farm was called. The farm-house, standing upon rising ground a short distance from the high-road, was half hidden by wistarias and creepers that draped the wide veranda, and climbed the brick walls to the eaves of the gambrel roof. There was an attempt at a lawn, with beds of gay-colored flowers. The place looked comfortable and home-like. The man who sat on the veranda, with his chair tilted back, his shirt collar unbuttoned, and a cob pipe in his mouth, looked at home too. Why not? He was the owner. He brought his chair forward and arose as the Professor came up the steps.

"Squire Martyns, I presume," said the Professor, blandly.

"That's what they call me. Is it book or lightnin'-rod?"

"Neither," replied the Professor, smiling. "My name is MacDougal, and I have been advised to try the hill air for a time. I called to request you to accommodate me with board for a few weeks."

"May I ask what you do for a livin'?"

"I am a professor in Barneville College."

"You ain't one of them snake-catchers an' bug-hunters?"

"I know something about reptiles and insects, but I expect to amuse myself by collecting the minerals and plants of the region."

"Stuns, eh! There 'ain't been a stun-hunter in these parts not sense the time of the Jollylogical Survey, an' there's right smart of queer stuns here yet. Plants, eh! That would suit my Hetty, if she was to home, for she's got lots of 'em upstairs in books.—Lucy Ann!"

A tall, neatly dressed old lady came to the door, and said, "Well?"

"Can we make room for a stun-hunter?"

Lucy Ann surveyed the Professor, who smiled at the scrutiny, and then said, "There's plenty of room; but if this gentleman be hunting minerals, there'll be a nice pair to clutter us up."

And with a laugh she retreated.

"Approved by the higher powers," said the Squire, laughing. "Who brought you over? I see now: John Adkins. John, bring in the Professor's things. Sit down and rest yourself. There will be no difficulty about terms, I think."

The Professor soon found that his informant had been right. He had come to the best place. He was assigned a neat and pleasant chamber opening upon a flower garden, at one end of which were several hives of bees, which made a pleasant humming, while the odors from beds of fragrant herbs smote pleasantly on the nostrils. From the windows he had a fine view of mist-covered ridges in the distance, over a long stretch of undulating valley, dotted with fields of grain, patches of woodland, farm-houses, and out-buildings, and herds of kine grazing in their pastures. When supper-time came he found the comforts of the inner man would be well cared for. Whether Miss Lucy Ann Martyns or the plump hired girl who brought in the dishes and waited on the table were the cook, it was evident there was somebody about who could cook. Scientist as he was, the Professor liked to eat. But is not good cookery the sum of science?

The next morning early the Professor arose, and brought down his belt and satchel, prepared for an exploring expedition. To his delight he found his host overhauling a similar equipment.

"You sha'n't have the best things without sharing," said the Squire. "I shall give you my time for to-day, and after that you can paddle your own canoe. You won't find any corundum, which used to be abundant. I bagged all that long ago, and made a pretty penny out of it. But you'll not lack specimens. I saved a lot of duplicate crystals, and you can pick and choose from them at your leisure."

They made a day of it, and the Professor came home at night with his sack full and his pockets crammed. After that he went alone, and explored the neighborhood thoroughly.

A week passed on, and the Professor heard of a quarry fifteen miles off, which abounded in kyanite and black tourmaline. So he walked there, to be absent for two days.

It did not turn out as well as he expected, and he started to walk back next day. About noon he was within a mile of Martyns' Nest, and crossed a field to cut short a turn in the road, when he heard a female voice crying for help. He looked up and saw a young and pretty girl mounted on the top of a hay-stack, and making frantic signals for assistance. He got over the fence to see the cause of these extraordinary motions, when a vicious-looking bull pranced around from the other side of the stack. The Professor got back again. He comprehended the situation.

"Keep where you are," he cried, "until I drive the bull off!"

It was superfluous advice, and his purpose not easily carried out. He threw stones at the bull; but he was not to be diverted from his object. The animal would prance forward, bellow, and then resume guard over the stack.

Then a bright idea struck the Professor. Linen handkerchiefs are inconvenient for travellers, and for mineralogists in particular, for they are bad for use as sacks when satchel and pockets are full. He had provided himself with stout silken bandanas, and had one in his pocket. As Alexander Dumas would describe the affair:

It was of a bright red.

He drew it from his pocket.

He waved it frantically.

The bull saw it, and made a dash for the offensive thing.

"Run, young lady!" cried the Professor from the safe side of *his* fence.

The girl ran, and got safely over the fence on the other side.

As in duty bound, the Professor went around, leaving the bull to his chagrin, and joining the girl, inquired if she were hurt.

"Not at all, sir," she answered, "but very much obliged to you for your assistance."

She seemed to be going the same way with himself, so the Professor, who, though not "a marrying man," as the saying goes, was gallant, entered into conversation with her. They drifted from the weather and the scenery into books and current events, and he was astonished to find how much the bright little lady knew. Who could she be? Some visitor, doubtless. Though plainly dressed, she had the air and manner that showed her not of the type of the neighborhood. He began to skirmish to find out, when she broke into a light rippling laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but I think I know you. You are Professor MacDougal, are you not?"

He nodded assent, still more mystified.

"We used your work on botany as a text-book at St. Sebastian's; but you'll excuse me for saying that I always thought you to be an old gentleman. I only got home from the school last evening, and I was returning from a visit to a neighbor when that cross bull made me climb the hay-stack. I am Hester Martyns."

The acquaintance thus made, the two grew quite familiar by the time they reached the Nest, where Hetty told of the adventure, and the Professor declared that he would put the bandana in lavender as a *souvenir* of the method he had employed to trick the bull.

That evening there was a visitor at Martyns' Nest. Mr. Jotham Jones, a wealthy young farmer of the neighborhood, made his appearance. Jotham was the champion athlete of that section, and could outjump, outlift, and outwrestle any one in those parts. Lord of many acres and herds of kine, he had great confidence in himself, and swaggered around out-of-doors. That night he sat almost tongue-tied, using little more than monosyllables. The Professor, though he did not know that Jotham had known Hetty since she was a child, and always admired her, concluded that it was a case of courting, and so discreetly left the room, and went to his chamber, where he labelled and packed his specimens. The Squire, however, remained, which was a sure sign that he did not regard the suitor with special favor.

From that time forth Jotham came quite often. The Professor, who saw a deal of Hetty, and who, having turned his attention to plants, got from her the location of scarce varieties, took a special interest in the result of this siege. "I have a pity for Hetty," he said to himself. "She is really a charming girl, and fit for any position in life; but it will end by her marrying this coarse clod. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast, but the Beast is not apt to change to a Prince. It is no business of mine, but I hate to see it."

The more he saw of Jotham, the less he liked Hetty's prospects. And then he began to discover by unmistakable signs that Jotham did not like him. Jotham glared at the Professor when they met, and spoke of him among his associates as a "stone-cracker" and "a crank"—the last word being always applied by fools to any one they think to possess brains. The lover did not let his hate for the stranger interfere with his siege of the maiden. At all the picnics and rural festivities he followed Hetty like her shadow. She gave no tokens of dislike at this, and every one, even the Professor, thought it would eventually be a match. Why not? Jotham was even richer than the Squire. There was nothing between the farms but a narrow patch of land, which was in the market. That bought by either, and the combined Jones and Martyns places would cover nearly two thousand acres of the best land in the county. The very proximity suggested a matrimonial alliance. The sense of the fitness of things possibly suggested to the Professor a conviction that the matching would not be mating; and the more he talked with Hetty, and the more he saw of her, the stronger did this conviction become.

The time of vacation had nearly slipped away, when there was a merry-making on the farm. The Martynses had always given an old-fashioned harvest-home to their neighbors after the main crops were gathered in, and Henry Martyns was not a man to slight the custom of his forefathers. Aunt Lucy Ann's resources of larder and kitchen were taxed to their utmost. The neighbors, young and old, were all there. The feast was held in the great barn, and after it was all over the threshing-floor was cleared, a fiddler installed in state upon a stool, and dancing began, while at a little distance off, on a patch of greensward, a party of young men jumped, ran, and practiced all kinds of muscular fun. The Professor had been a great dancer in his student days, and though he had not stooped to anything so light while holding a chair at college, felt it his duty to ask the daughter of his host to open the hop with him. Just as she had consented, Jotham came up with a similar request.

"I have promised the first set to Professor MacDougal," said Hetty, "but the next is at your service, Mr. Jones;" and he had to be content with that. He looked on, instead of seeking another partner. He saw the Professor dance in earnest, not walking through, but falling into the spirit of the occasion, pirouetting, pigeon-winging, and heel-and-toeing in the rustic style, to the admiration of the spectators and the chagrin of Jotham, to whom it was gall and wormwood.

When Jotham's turn came, the Professor watched in turn, and when it was over, and Hetty seated, and Jotham bent over her and talking earnestly, the Professor felt an uncomfortable sensation, for which he could not account, and went and joined the young men on the green. There he found the old Squire looking on.

"Ever do anything of this kind?" asked Martyns.

"Sometimes in my under-graduate days," said the Professor.

But he took no interest in their sport, and soon went back to the barn. Hetty was not on the floor. She was still seated, with Jotham at her side. He was talking eagerly, and she was blushing, while her fingers picked nervously at her dress.

"I would like to take that fellow down a peg," said the Professor, viciously, and then walked back and rejoined the Squire. He stood irresolutely, and made vague and inapt replies to his companion's remarks. Suddenly the cry arose:

"Here comes Jones! Now you'll see jumping!"

Jotham dashed in among them excitedly, looked at the heel marks of the others, and took off his coat. He was very much agitated. But seeing the Professor, he gave him a savage look, and going to the starting-point, made a great leap, and landed a foot farther than any of the rest.

"There!" he said; "I'd like to see any dude stone-cracker beat that."

This drew all eyes on the Professor, who walked forward, looked at the distance, and calmly handed his coat to the Squire. Then he jumped fully eighteen inches farther than Jotham. The latter did not like the storm of applause which greeted the feat. He determined to show his supremacy in another way. So he said, in an offensive tone:

"You're good at the jump, Stone-cracker. How are you at the rassle?"

Squire Martyns frowned, but before he could utter a rebuke, the Professor replied, quietly:

"I did not come into the mountains to show myself off, Mr. Jones; but as this is a gathering of neighbors, I have no objection to trying a friendly fall with you. Only, as I am out of practice, you must be light on me."

Thus saying, the Professor divested himself of waistcoat and cravat. The crowd eagerly formed a ring, and the two antagonists stood facing each other, Jotham lowering and malicious, the other calm and indifferent. A few feints and they locked. Jotham was thickset and sturdy; the other supple as an eel. A struggle, and then—so quickly that no one could see how it was done—the two went down together, Jotham on the broad of his back, and the Professor uppermost. The latter sprang to his feet, but Jotham lay there for a minute incapable of motion. When he arose he was in no condition to renew the contest.

"Professor," said the Squire, as they walked toward the barn, "would you like to be a member of Congress?"

"I think not," said the Professor. "I have no taste for politics. Why?"

"Because if you'll settle down here, and flail half a dozen bullies, as you have Jotham Jones, you'll go in by a large majority."

It was evident that MacDougal's strength was restored, and his appearance showed him to be in good health; but his spirits were depressed. During the few more days he remained he made no more mineralogical or botanical excursions, but lingered around the house. Hetty avoided him, and if they met was shy.

"She resents the humiliation of her lover," he thought. "And yet there is nothing in common between them. She is beauty, grace, animation, and intelligence; and he— Well, it can not be helped."

The day of parting came. The Professor bade good-by to the Squire and his sister, and was invited to pay them another visit. "I have charged a price this time. It is my way to avoid an influx of strangers. But when you come, you come as my welcome guest. We all like you."

"Thank you. The liking is mutual. Where is Miss Hetty?"

"She went over to Joyce's."

"Bid her good-by for me. My valise has gone on to Rockborough, and I shall walk over." And with a renewed hand-shaking the Professor left.

He soon came to the fence where he had cajoled the bull with the handkerchief trick. "There is the hay-stack," he said. "How pretty she looked!" And he crossed the fence and walked toward the stack. A girl sat, with her face bowed in her hands, on some loose hay by the stack.

"Why, Miss Hetty!" said the Professor.

The girl started, sprang to her feet, and looked at him wildly. He noticed the tears on her cheeks.

"Why, Hetty!" he exclaimed; "what is the trouble?" He took her hand, but she made no reply. "My dear child," he continued, "tell me if I can aid you. I know that it is to Mr. Jones you would naturally go, but I am your friend, and—"

"I detest Jotham Jones!" exclaimed Hetty, withdrawing her hand.

A light seemed to come to the Professor.

"Hetty darling," he said, taking her hand again, "do you detest *me?*"

Her eyes fell at his glance, and a rosy flush spread itself over face and neck.

the Professor came home jubilant. Every one noticed how well he looked. He displayed the contents of his boxes to his colleagues.

"Very good specimens indeed," said Dr. Brainard, "but not such a great find."

"There is something finer than these, but it is behind in Mountain County. I'll have it here at the beginning of the new year."

The Professor went off during the Christmas holidays. He telegraphed back the hour of his return, and on his arrival his colleagues, with their wives, went there to meet him. He had a lady on his arm. They gathered around to welcome him back.

"My good friends," said he, "I told you I would bring home my best specimen. I did not bring it in my satchel. I do not intend to put it on a shelf. Let me present to you Mrs. Hester MacDougal, the greatest find of my life."

MISSISSIPPI IMPROVEMENTS.

Before attempting to describe the river improvements which are now in progress near St. Louis, it is essential to give the reader a clear conception of the mighty flood whose wild freaks and sudden changes it is the object of these works to moderate and control. Twenty miles above the city two great rivers join; that coming from the north, from the sandy Minnesota, with clear greenish water almost free from sediment, there meets the great central artery coming eastward from the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains—a river vast in length, wild in its ungovernable power, writhing and twisting in its soft alluvial bed for a thousand miles, and bearing in its turbid waters millions of tons of mud. When first they meet each takes its own side of their common channel in the most amicable manner. Where these parallel currents touch there is the most fascinating interweaving of the two. Islands of pure water surrounded by the Missouri's chocolate floods, islands of mud so thick that by contrast they appear almost solid when surrounded by the pure water of the Upper Mississippi, together float downward toward the Gulf. Gradually the two streams intermingle, and at St. Louis their difference is barely perceptible to the eye. A flood in the Missouri while the Upper Mississippi is low vastly increases the amount of sediment in the water, while a low Missouri and a booming Upper Mississippi correspond to an unusual clearness of the river in this vicinity.

Knowing now the water which flows between the banks, let us take a hasty glance at the land on either side. There we shall see two parallel rows of limestone bluffs towering from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet above the intervening land and water, and about seven miles apart. Between the two lies a narrow belt of country of marvellous fertility, intersected in all directions by crescent-shaped lakes. Between the bluffs the river wanders apparently at will. Now it follows the Missouri bluffs for a score of miles, and as you descend the river a constant panorama of white cliffs, in many places not merely vertical but overhanging their bases, delights the eye on your right hand, while on the left is seen a low level shore covered with a dense growth of trees and tangled vines. At times the river tires of its rocky bed, and wanders off to the eastward; the western bluffs disappear, and on both sides is seen the dull, monotonous succession of forest after forest. Now it turns still farther eastward, and meeting the Illinois bluffs, flows at their feet.

The river changes its position bodily from time to time. The crescent-shaped lakes are its former beds. These changes take place with marvellous rapidity; it is not unusual for the shore which the river attacks to cave away five hundred feet in one year. Not only horizontally, but also vertically, the river is prone to change; while capable of cutting its bed down till the depth of water is eighty feet, it is also contented with widening out and cutting away its shores till there is no channel having more than four feet in it, and this too changes from year to year.

The major changes do not, as a usual thing, take place slowly, but are results of alternate high and low water. Any sudden rise causes an increase in the velocity of the current, and this is immediately followed by increased cutting of the banks. A large quantity of mud is thus added to the burden which the river is already carrying, and much of it is redeposited when the river begins to fall, and the current to diminish in consequence. The amount of sediment which is transported is largely dependent on the velocity of the current, but there does not seem to be any mathematical law connecting the two quantities; any large reduction of the velocity is followed by deposits of greater or less extent.

SUMMARY.

1. The water is always muddy, but varies from a state in which it can hardly transport more sediment to one in which it is comparatively clear.
2. The alluvial banks are continually shifting their position, so that the river moves from side to side in the course of years.
3. The river has in itself the power to either remove land already made, or to make new land where all was formerly water.
4. The depth at any locality is liable to the most enormous oscillations from one year to another.
5. Any large checking of the velocity is followed by a local deposit of greater or less extent.

The narrow portions of a river are deep, the broad shallow. To deepen the shallow parts it is necessary to contract the width, thus artificially producing a strong current, which will cut a deep channel for itself. If, however, it be made too narrow, it will not have sufficient capacity to discharge the quantity of water supplied at high stages, and disastrous floods will result. In all rivers the low-water channel is much longer than the flood channel.

One of the methods most frequently employed for contracting a river is to build solid stone dams. Their tops are placed at such a level that the high water will flow freely over them; but when the surface falls, the low-water channel will be forced to assume the desired width and position. The high-water channel is thus, as in the natural river, comparatively straight, while the low-water channel may, by a proper arrangement of the dams, be made to assume the form and length best adapted to its requirements. Sometimes they are built at nearly right angles to the banks, projecting into the stream; sometimes two parallel walls are made for the whole length of the stream, practically forming artificial banks for the low-water channel. In either case reliance is placed solely on the inherent strength of the artificial structures.

In 1873 stone dams were tried at Horsetail Bar, a noted shoal just below the city of St. Louis, where the river-bed was inordinately wide, and at every low water there were two or three tortuous channels, through which not more than four feet could be carried, and not infrequently only three and a half. It was decided to narrow the river to a width of 2500 feet, which would, it was thought, make the several channels combine into one, deep and easy for steamboats to follow. In theory the plan appeared feasible; in practice it signally failed, as it was found impossible to construct the dams. The bottom was so soft that the water pouring over their tops cut deep holes in the bed below, and into them the stone and brush of which the dams were made were rolled by the current. In one place a dam was built up till its top was at the water surface when the river stood at the eighteen-foot stage; but after the next flood, when the river had fallen again to the eighteen-foot stage, no dam appeared. Soundings showed a depth of fifty-three feet where the dam should have been at the water's surface, and eighty feet a short distance below. A wall parallel to the Illinois shore was next tried, connected with the shore by what was left of the dams. It was enormously expensive to build, and settled nearly as fast as the cross dams. Its action, however, combined with the effect produced by the old dams, checked the current at flood stages, and caused quite marked deposits of sand and mud, which was noticed, studied, and finally taken advantage of by Major O. H. Ernst, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, in charge of the improvements.

He saw that these deposits narrowed the river much more efficiently than the structures by which they were caused, and that while the bottom was of such a nature that no artificial works could be built of sufficient strength to permanently resist the current and ice, it might be possible to make light obstructions to the current which by lasting a few years would induce the river itself to bring material free of cost and place it where he desired. He experimented, found his conclusions were correct, and in 1879 actually applied on a large scale the new system, which has since been adopted and used without any essential modifications from the mouth of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico.

There remains only to describe these works, which have given to Horsetail a depth of eight and a half to ten feet at low water, when the natural river gave but three and a half to four, and which have proved themselves equal to all the calls that have yet been made on them, wherever in this great river they have been employed.

They are of two kinds—bank protection, and channel contracting works. The most rapid cutting of the bank is found to be near the foot of its slope. As this wears away, the top is undermined and falls in, leaving an almost vertical face of earth exposed. This is in turn undermined and thrown into the river. View No. 3 shows a bank which was cutting away at the rate of five hundred feet in a year. The part of the bank which is always under water is protected with a willow mattress loaded with stone; the part which is submerged at high water and bare at low, with a layer of riprap stone eight to ten inches thick. The mattress is built in one piece for the whole length of bank to be protected, and is made one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is practically nothing more than a large piece of coarse cloth, of which the warp is composed of twenty-one willow threads six inches in diameter, placed parallel to the shore, and six feet apart, each consisting of willow poles spliced strongly together with wire and spikes. The woof is made of willow saplings about three inches in diameter at the butt, and thirty feet long, with all the leaves and branches on. The process of weaving is shown in view No. 1. Usually a strip about a thousand feet long is constructed, and then the up-stream end sunk while the lower end is still on the weaving barge. The operations of sinking and weaving can thus go on continuously. The largest continuous mattress in the world, successfully sunk, is that which now protects the shore of Foster's Island, about thirty miles below St. Louis. It is 5284 feet long by 120 feet wide. The operation of sinking such a huge flexible sheet in the strong current here found, and keeping it from tearing or bending out of shape until it reaches the bottom, which is often fifty feet below the water's surface, requires great skill, but a well-drilled crew will work at this for a whole season and not lose a foot of mattress. The arrangement of lines and barges to sink a single mattress six hundred feet long is shown in views 5 and 6.

One side of the river having been protected as above described, the position of the new bank opposite is defined by driving three parallel rows of piles, the distance between rows being eighteen feet. In the middle row the piles are six feet apart from centre to centre, in the other rows twelve feet. The power of the current is so great that the earth round these piles would be soon washed out and the piles overturned unless some method of protecting the bottom was applied. That which has been successfully adopted is to build a mattress similar to the one before described, covering all the space between the rows, and for some twenty to twenty-five feet on either side. This mattress is woven as fast as the piles are driven, and is then sunk by loading it with stone. The piles are then united into a single structure by bolting on heavy longitudinal stringers and by putting in inclined braces as shown in view No. 4. At intervals of one thousand feet this line is connected to the shore by similar cross lines. The piles in the middle rows of all the lines are now wattled, like the sides of huge baskets, with the same size of willow saplings as are used in the mattress-work. The space where deposits are desired is thus divided up into settling basins, through which the current passes with a slight reduction of velocity. A glance at view No. 4 shows that this is all that is needed. The line of trees and willow bushes seen in the horizon shows the position of the original bank of the river, and the land between them and the edge of the water is the sand and mud deposited by the river in a single flood. In many places deposits twenty feet thick, covering forty or fifty acres, have been the result of such works during a single flood. The process of wattling is shown in view No. 2. A ribbon about six inches wide is woven on the piles, forks with long handles are placed on the top of it, and by pressing down on the handles men standing on boats force the whole to the bottom. Another ribbon is then woven, and forced down till it rests on the first, and so on. In many places there is so much drift-wood floating in the water that it catches on the piles as soon as driven, and saves the necessity of wattling.

The new-formed land contracts the river, and all that remains to be done is to protect the deposit as if it was the natural bank, that the river may not rise in its might and undo its own handiwork. Above the twenty-foot stage there is no need of stone, as willows whose seeds are sown by the water itself spring up and cover the whole surface. These little trees check the current more effectually than any artificial works, and at each high water mud is deposited among them, and the land grows continually higher and higher without the expenditure of any human labor or money.

In conclusion, it can be truly stated that all the forms here described have undergone the most severe trials in the recent great floods from drift-wood and from ice, and have uniformly resisted destruction, and done their appointed work in a most satisfactory manner. At all the shoals between St. Louis and Cairo where these kinds of works have been tried the caving banks have ceased to cave, and there is now a good navigable channel at all stages of the river.

Frederic V. Abbot,
First-Lieutenant of Engineers, U.S.A.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

There is a new electric girl in Paris, of whom it is said that "her fingers attract all sorts of light bodies, such as ribbons, laces, etc." Many a woman has been shut up by the police for similar manifestations in the fancy-goods stores in this city. But the French young person has other points which are more remarkable, as, for instance, "whenever she hears an affecting piece of music the cracklings of the electric sparks are heard all over her body."

An English rival of Mr. Oscar Wilde's is laboring for reform in men's dress. The costume he has finally hit upon is, a felt hat broad enough in the brim to shield the wearer's face from wind and rain should he unfortunately be caught in a storm without an umbrella; a cape on his overcoat to perform the same function for his shoulders; skirts for his knees; trousers of wool, cut so as not to impede the circulation of the blood; leather boots, either soft or stiff; and beneath the overcoat a jacket cut to the figure and buttoning well up to the neck. He does not see in this outfit anything that would excite a desire in the minds of the mob to "'eave arf a brick" at the wearer.

Two years ago the "hot-water cocktail" was widely advertised as a novelty. Now again the "hot-water cure" is heralded as something new in medicine. The whole scheme is to drop a pinch of salt into a tea-cupful of hot water and to swallow the dose before breakfast. It is said to be good for the health, and one can see how it may be if it is taken in lieu of a *bona fide* cocktail in the early morning. But as for the novelty of the scheme, there are old men living in New York who have been drinking hot water with a little salt in it every morning before breakfast for half a century.

A resident of St. Louis started one morning recently to move his house. When night overtook him he had got the house just half-way across a rusty side track of the Missouri Pacific Railway. Resting from his labors at this point, he and his family took supper in the house, and afterward retired to the second story for the night. Shortly after they had fallen asleep the Missouri Pacific Company used the rusty side track for the first time in a number of years. The locomotive they sent upon it ran clear through the house, smashing most of the lower story, and shaking the sleeping family out of their beds. There was an immense amount of fright and disorder, but nobody was hurt.

A series of thefts that had endured through a long period of time at Yale College without attracting any particular attention was capped recently by the stealing of two meerschaum pipes, whereupon the students aroused themselves, and the thief was at once caught. There are many wrongs which a college community patiently endures, but the abstraction of its meerschaum pipes is not one of these.

A Washington professor teaches pupils how not to forget. That is well enough for one set of people, but undoubtedly there are a great many others scattered around, if somebody would only look for them, who would like to be taught how not to remember.

The telegraph office in Edinburgh required 130 operators to keep abreast of the reporters one night in the course of Mr. Gladstone's recent visit to that city. These operators sent 427,000 words in press messages. It was by far the heaviest bit of telegraphic work ever done in Edinburgh.

In one week this season 20,000 barrels and in another week 17,000 barrels of New England apples were shipped to Great Britain from Boston. The yield this year has been enormous, as it is apt to be every other year. England takes vast quantities from America when they can be spared, expressing a preference for the red varieties, such as Hubbardstons and Baldwins.

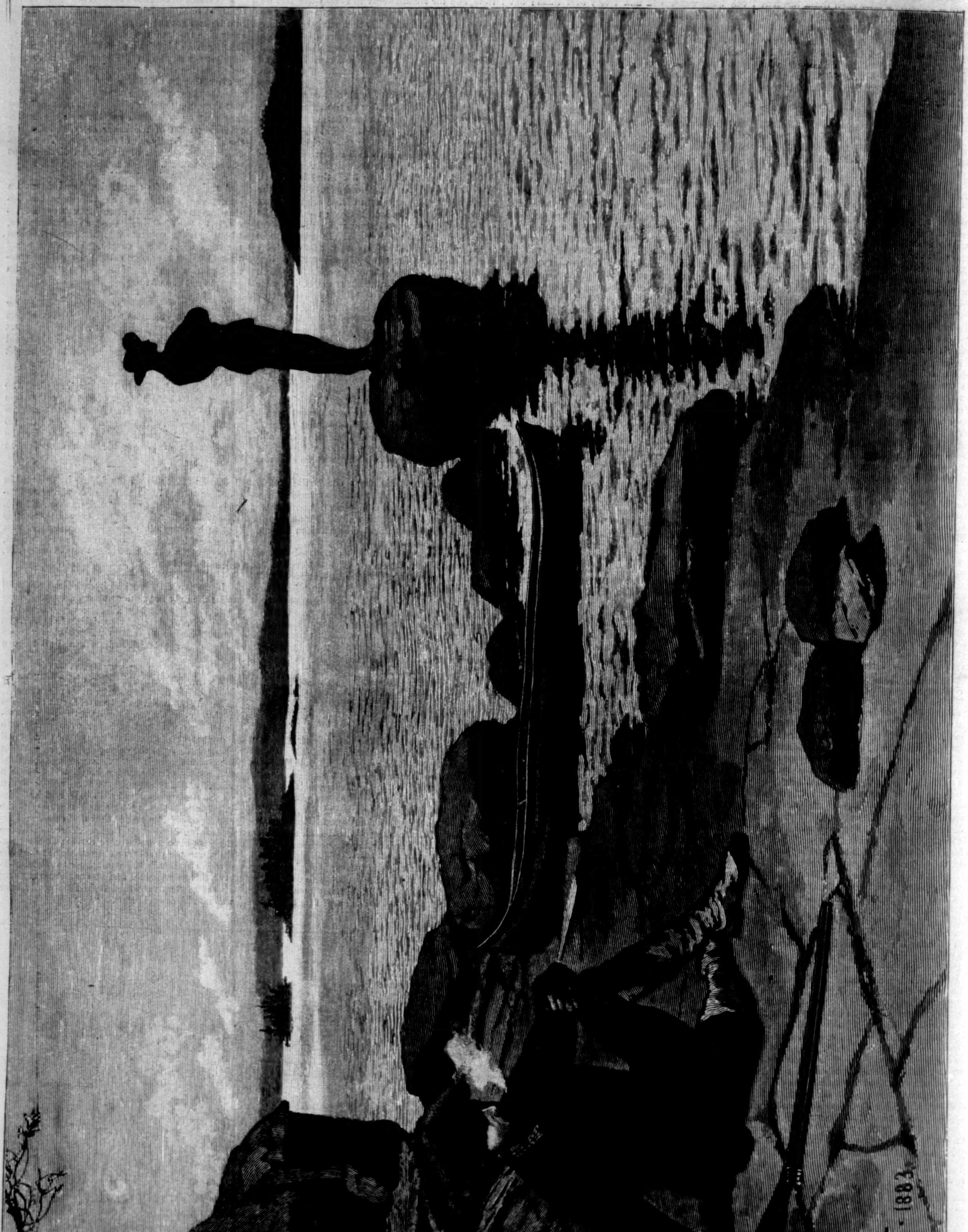
Little machines worked by hand are said still to be the only fire-engines used in Italy. There is not one in the whole kingdom which is worked by steam. This ought to delight Ruskin, who would be sure to esteem "Big Six" far above the snorting peace-disturbers which go to fires nowadays.

An English writer, treating of Pompeii under the text that there is nothing new under the sun, says that the bread baked yesterday at Naples is of the precise shape of the loaves found at Pompeii which were put into the oven nearly two thousand years ago. The coinage of that period differs little from the coinage of this, except that its workmanship is better. A gaming-table then had a pair of dice, and a lady's toilet-table a mirror and a rouge-pot. "Small boys scribbled on the walls and played with balls and knucklebones and whipping-tops and marbles in the streets of old Pompeii as they do in modern Paris, Naples, London, or Berlin. There even are the pass checks which were current at the theatre where the people were assembled at the time of the eruption." Of one modern article, however, this writer could find no counterpart among all the matters recovered from Pompeii. There was no classic corkscrew.

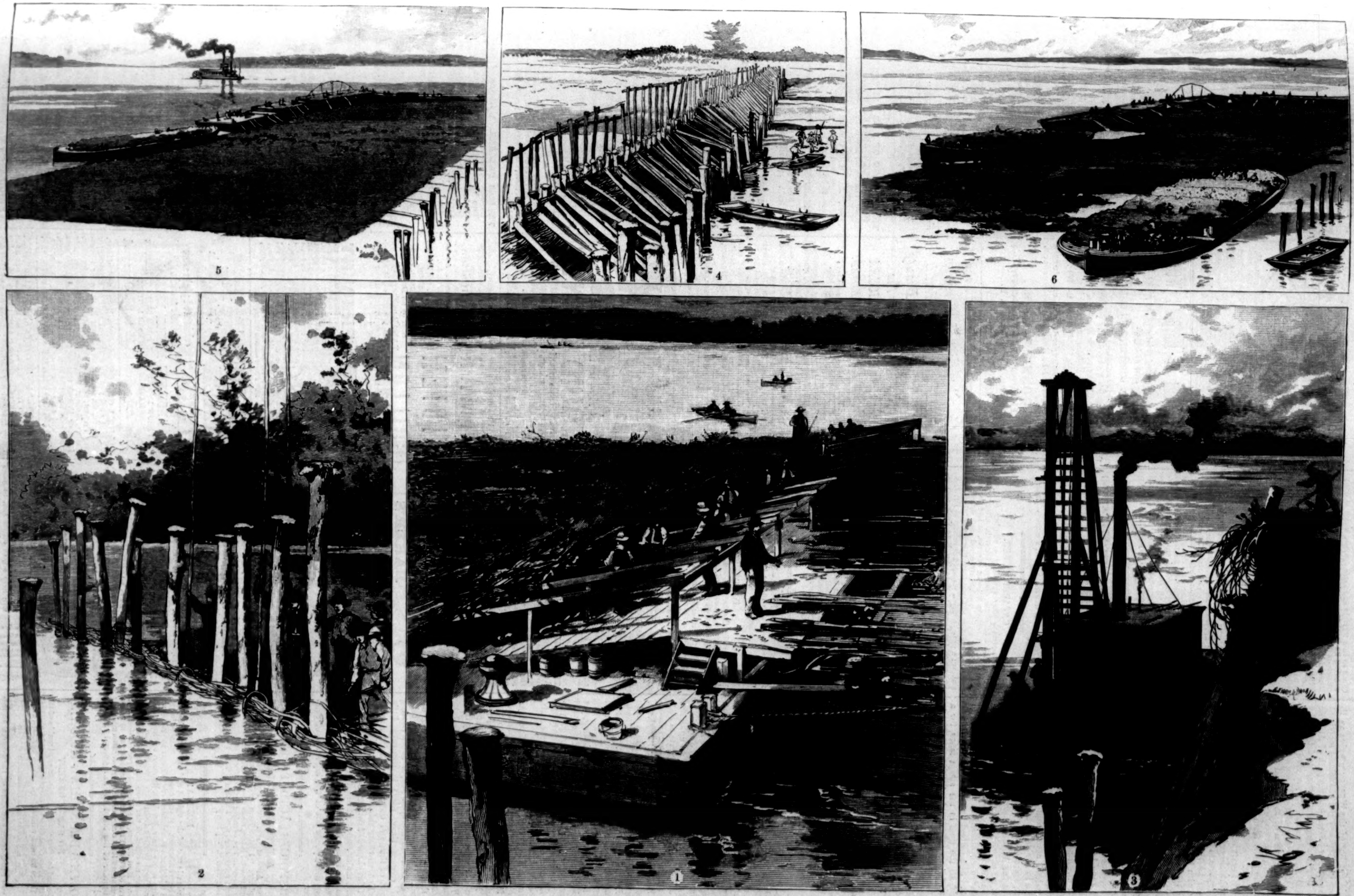
HE PARADED.

"The doctor's bill, dear; seventy-five cents for medicine and fifteen dollars for visits."

"W-w-well, considerin' that the other feller got in, an' I've p-p-peraded my feet 'most off, guess you'd better put on your hat an' run 'round an' pay for the medicine, an' s-s-say that when I can get on my f-f-feet I'll return the v-v-v-visits."



WATERING DEER—WATCHING THE LAKE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 769.]



IMPROVEMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER NEAR ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT ABBOT.—[SEE PAGE 773.]

1. Mattress-Weaving. 2. Wattling the Piles. 3. Caving Bank at Beard's Island. 4. Completed Hurdle Line. 5. Mattress 600 feet long ready to be sunk. 6. Stone Barges moving up-stream over Mattresses.

A PERIL OF THE SEA.

In this number of the Weekly we give an illustration of a wrecked and abandoned merchant vessel which has drifted into the path of Atlantic steamer travel. The danger thus depicted is by no means insignificant. If we take the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, issued by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy, for the month of October, we shall get an idea of what the perils from derelict hulks are at the present time.

The first craft of this sort to strike the attention is the *Maggie M. Rivers*. Turning to the files of reports in the Branch Hydrographic Office, of which Lieutenant W. L. Field, U.S.N., is in charge, with Lieutenant J. A. Shearman and Ensign L. Semple assisting, in the New York Maritime Exchange, we find that this schooner, loaded with lumber, was abandoned off Cape Hatteras on the 7th of January last, her crew being barely able to save their lives. She drifted easterly several hundred miles, then southeasterly, then northerly, then again northeasterly, then westerly, being reported February 6, March 2, April 18, May 9, June 14, and June 26. After the latter date she drifted several hundred miles in a northeasterly direction, to where she was reported on the 11th of September. She had travelled back, in short, into the Gulf Stream, after having originally passed across and out of it; and a continuance in her present course, influenced by this current, must carry her to the steam lanes that traverse the Atlantic.

Next we observe the brig *Albert M.*, abandoned June 10, about latitude 42° north and longitude 64° west, directly in the steamer routes to Europe. She drifted nearly five hundred miles easterly, all the time in the steam lanes, for a period of over two months, being seen directly upon the most southerly route August 13. Then she passed on in a direction little south of east, and on September 1 was descried in about latitude 41° and longitude 49°.

Then we observe the derelict bark *Ethel Blanche*, which was abandoned east of Newfoundland. She has since drifted easterly, then northerly, and from August 5 to September 5 southeasterly, and the latest report shows her to be directly in the track of steamers bound to and from the English Channel.

Southeasterly from the *Ethel Blanche*, and at present some distance south of the steamers' track, we observe the derelict bark *Appendix*, reported September 14. North of the latter, and within the track of the Atlantic steamers, near the most northerly route, is an unknown derelict bark, reported September 18. Not far from the brig *Albert M.*'s last reported position is the derelict bark *Halcyon*, reported September 20. She, however, is south of the southerly steamer route. Several hundred miles southeast of the *Halcyon* is an unknown derelict bark, reported July 29.

Turning to our own coast, we see an unknown derelict schooner off Cape May, under date of September 22, and an unknown three-masted schooner a little further south and nearer the shore. About due south of Cape Hatteras, and a little northeast of St. Augustine, is the derelict schooner *J. J. Taylor*, reported September 18. West of Andros Island is an unknown schooner, reported August 31.

If this detailed enumeration is fatiguing, yet only in this way can the true extent of the peril be known. It is obvious, also, that a derelict vessel may be in some cases a more dangerous object to strike than one under sail. A dismasted craft, water-logged, heavily loaded with lumber, might be almost like a rock to encounter. Again, an iceberg may give some warning of its presence by a fall in the temperature, but there is no such indication around tne derelict water-logged vessel. May not such floating wrecks have proved the ruin of some vessels that after starting from port were never again heard from?

Sometimes, when the crew of a vessel is rescued, the abandoned ship is set on fire, if she is in a maritime thoroughfare, in order that she may be destroyed. Often, however, when the crew take to their boats in the open sea, or some passing vessel rescues them, there is naturally little thought of this, and there may also be a reluctance to destroy the ship and cargo outright, even on a faint chance of saving something. Perhaps in time, under some sort of international policing of the sea, it may become the duty as well as the interest of governments to suitably provide for getting these perils out of the highways of commerce.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. Adolph Ott, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from shortly after breakfast till a late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."—[*Adv.*]

ECZEMA!

Eczema is one of the ugliest and most troublesome of all blood diseases. It proceeds from humors in the blood which are sometimes very difficult to eradicate. For five weary years Mr. J. D. Rodefer, of Greendale, Va., suffered terribly from this disease. He writes: "Finding no relief in the many medicines till I used Brown's Iron Bitters, I purchased three bottles, from the use of which I have obtained almost entire relief. I recommend it to every one in my neighborhood for any disorder of the blood and as a general tonic."—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

NO SAFER REMEDY

Can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat. They contain no hurtful ingredients, and may at all times be used with safety. 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

CONSUMPTION.

Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs). Send three letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

A PAIN RELIEVER

that is

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

For over 37 years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment has been warranted to give satisfaction or the money would be refunded, and not a bottle has been returned. Those who first used it are still doing so, having tried many other remedies without finding anything that can equal it. It cures cholera, croup, spasms, diarrhœa, dysentery, and all stomach complaints. It is clean to use, and warranted harmless. Sold by all druggists at 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

Three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c.; Liquid, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

FUR AND SEAL-SKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Wholesale Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince Street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c. —[*Adv.*]

DANDRUFF

Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best.—[*Adv.*]

How doth the busy housewife improve each shining hour by polishing her Silverware with Electro-Silicon. —[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce enriches gravies, stews, chops, etc. Halford Sauce—beware of colorable imitations.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES CONCEDE Anglo-Swiss Milk Food to be the best-prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Co., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet, "Notes regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in next issue of this paper.)—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

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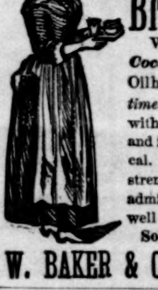

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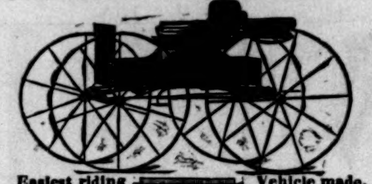

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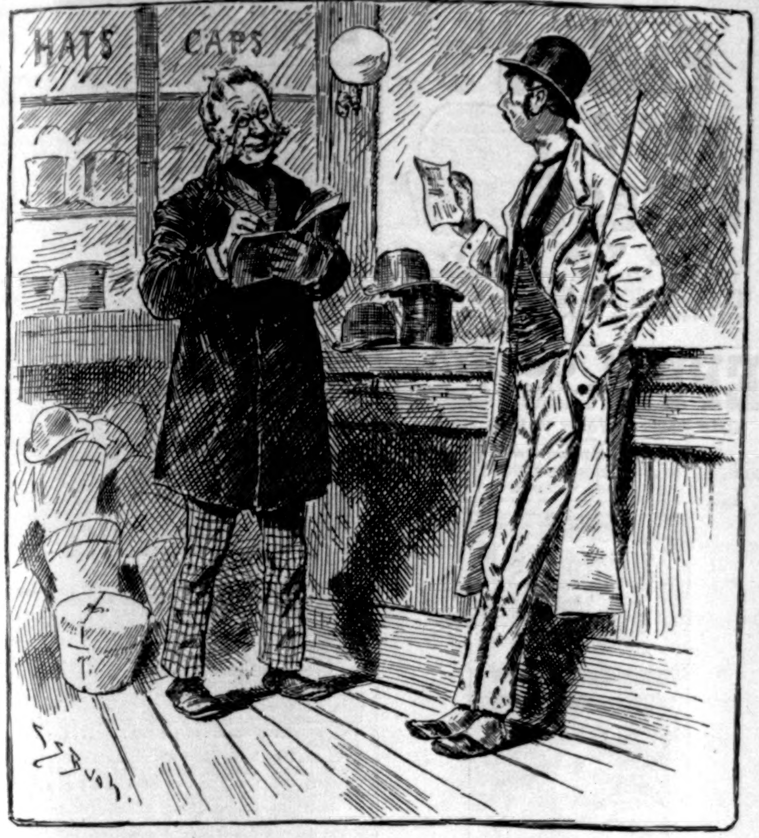

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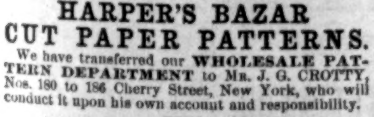

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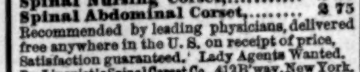

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